DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 200 418 SE 034 542

AUTHOR	Cowan, Elizabeth, Comp.; And Others
TITLE	Fairy Tales of the Sea [and] A Guide for Teachers.
INSTITUTION	Texas A and M Univ., College Station. Sea Grant Coll. Program.
SPONS AGENCY	National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (DOC), Rockville, Md. National Sea Grant Program.
REPORT NO	TAMU-SG-81-402; TAMU-SG-81-403
PUB DATE	Feb 81
NOTE	167p.
AVAILABLE FROM	Marine Information Service, Sea Grant College Program, Texas A&M Univ., College Station, TX 77843 ($4.50 for student guide and $2.00 for teacher's guide; bulk price on request).
EDRS PRICE	MF01 Plus Postage. PC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS	Basic Skills; Elementary Secondary Education; *English Instruction; Environmental Education; *Folk Culture; *Language Arts; *Legends; Literature; *Marine Biology; Mythology; *Oceanography

ABSTRACT

Presented are 25 fairy tales from around the world that are related to the sea. Included in the teacher's guide are activities designed to serve as a catalyst to stimulate varied classroom uses for the tales. The curriculum outline provided follows the English Language Arts Curriculum Framework suggested by the Texas Education Agency and covers speaking, listening, reading, and writing. Among the recommended activities are listening to confirm predictions, playing a story, understanding literal and figurative language, and creating written interviews with story characters. (Author/NB)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED200418

Fairy Tales of the Sea

compiled
by
Elizabeth Cowan and Karen Davis

illustrated by
Fain Hubbard

U S DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF
EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL IN MICROFICHE ONLY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

Laura Colunga

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

SE 034 542

Texas A&M University Sea Grant College Program
February 1981
TAMU-SG-81-402

Acknowledgements

We would like to acknowledge the Texas A&M University Sea Grant College Program, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration and U.S. Department of Commerce for funding this publication; our own Department of English at Texas A&M University for its support; and the many people who preserved and cherished these tales throughout the centuries.

Elizabeth Cowan
Karen Davis

Additional copies may be ordered from:
Marine Information Service
Sea Grant College Program
Texas A&M University
College Station, Texas 77843
$4.50

Table of Contents

American

Latin-American

The Girl Fish 1
The Serpents 11

Eskimo

A Nenets Tale 13
The Story of Nuliajuk, Mother of the Sea, Ruler of All Beasts, the Most Dangerous and Terrible of All Spirits, to Whom Nothing is Impossible 25
The Sea Lion Hunt 27
The House of the Sea Lions 29
The Polar Bear 31
The Lake Monster 35
The Young Man Helps 37

North American Indian

The Woman Stolen by Killer-Whales 41
The Empounded Water 43

Australian

A Fish Story 45

African

The Serpent's Bride 47
The Marriage of the Rain 59
The Golden-Headed Fish 61

Asian

The Flying Ship 69
Why the Ocean is Salty 77
The Sea of Gold 79

European

Cossack

The Story of Tremsin, the Bird Zhar, and Nastasia, the Lovely Maid of the Sea 85

Russian

The Raven and the Lobster 91
Salt 93

German
The Fisherman and His Wife 97

Scandinavian
The Little Mermaid 107
The Troll's Daughter 129
Why the Sea is Salt 139

Preface

To help make students aware of the treasures of the sea found in our earliest literature, we have compiled and edited this international collection of fairy and folk tales which use the sea as a central theme. We hope this collection will arouse the reader's interest in the ocean and its mysteries.

This collection is the result of months of searches through hundreds of volumes. We have included tales from every inhabited continent so that American students can enjoy their varied heritage. Our search led us to Houston, Boston, New York City and Washington, D.C. As far as we can determine, this collection represents the only volume of international fairy and folk tales exclusively about the earth's seas.

E.C.
K.D.

The Girl-Fish

Once upon a time there lived, on the bank of a stream, a man and a woman who had a daughter. As she was an only child and very pretty besides, they never could make up their minds to punish her for her faults or to teach her nice manners; and as for work--she laughed in her mother's face if she asked her to help cook the dinner or to wash the plates. All the girl would do was to spend her days in dancing and playing with her friends; and for any use she was to her parents they might as well have had no daughter at all.

However, one morning her mother looked so tired that even the selfish girl could not help seeing it, and asked if there was anything she was able to do, so that her mother might rest a little.

The good woman looked so surprised and grateful for this offer that the girl felt rather ashamed, and at that moment would have scrubbed down the house if she had been requested; but her mother only begged her to take the fishing-net out to the bank of the river and mend some holes in it, as her father intended to go fishing that night.

The girl took the net and worked so hard that soon there was not a hole to be found. She felt quite pleased with herself, though she had had plenty to amuse her, as everybody who passed by had stopped and had a chat with her. But by this time the sun was high overhead, and she was just folding her net to carry it home again, when she heard a splash behind her, and looking round she saw a big fish jump into the air. Seizing the net with both hands, she flung it into the water where the circles were spreading one behind the other, and, more by luck than skill, drew out the fish.

"Well, you are a beauty!" she cried to herself; but the fish looked up to her and said:

"You had better not kill me, for, if you do, I will turn you into a fish yourself!"

The girl laughed with contempt, and ran straight to her mother.

"Look what I have caught," she said gaily; "but it is almost a pity to eat it, for it can talk, and it declares that, if I kill it, it will turn me into a fish too."

"Oh, put it back, put it back!" implored the mother. "Perhaps it is skilled in magic. And I should die, and so would your father, if anything should happen to you."

"Oh, nonsense, mother; what power could a creature like that have over me? Besides, I am hungry, and if I don't have my dinner very soon, I shall be cross." And off she went to gather some flowers to stick in her hair.

About an hour later a horn blowing told her that dinner was ready.

"Didn't I say that fish would be delicious?" she cried; and plunging her spoon into the dish the girl helped herself to a large piece. But the instant it touched her mouth a cold shiver ran through her. Her head seemed to flatten, and her eyes to look odd around the corners; her legs and her arms were stuck to her sides, and she gasped wildly for breath. With a mighty bound she sprang through the window and fell into the river, where she soon felt better, and was able to swim to the sea, which was close by.

No sooner had she arrived there than the sight of her sad face attracted the notice of some of the other fishes, and they pressed round her, begging her to tell them her story.

"I am not a fish at all," said the new-comer, swallowing a great deal of salt water as she spoke; for you cannot learn how to be a proper fish all in a moment. "I am not a fish at all, but a girl; at least I *was* a girl a few minutes ago, only--" And she ducked her head under the waves so that they should not see her crying.

"Only you did not believe that the fish you caught had power to carry out its threat," said an old tunny. "Well, never mind, that has happened to all of us, and it really is not a bad life. Cheer up and come with us and see our queen, who lives in a palace which is much more beautiful that any *your* queens can boast of."

The new fish felt a little afraid of taking such a journey; but as she was still more afraid of being left alone, she waved her tail in token of consent, and off they all set, hundreds of them together. The people on the rocks and in the ships that saw them pass said to each other:

"Look what a splendid shoal!" and had no idea that they were hastening to the queen's palace; but, then, dwellers on land have so little notion of what goes on in the bottom of the sea! Certainly the little new fish had none. She had watched jelly-fish and nautilus swimming a little way below the surface, and beautiful coloured sea-weeds floating about; but that was all. *Now*, when she plunged deeper her eyes fell upon strange things.

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels--all scattered in the bottom of the sea! Dead men's bones were there also with long white creatures who had never seen the light, for they mostly dwelt in the clefts of rocks where the sun's rays could not come. At first our little fish felt as if she were blind also, but by-and-by she began to make out one object after another in the green dimness, and by the time she had swum for a few hours all became clear.

"Here we are at last," cried a big fish, going down into a deep valley, for the sea has its mountains and valleys just as much as the land. "That is the palace of the queen of the fishes, and I think you must confess that the emperor himself has nothing so fine."

"It is beautiful indeed," gasped the little fish, who was very tired with trying to swim as fast as the rest, and beautiful beyond words the palace was. The walls were made of pale pink coral, worn smooth by the waters, and round the windows were rows of pearls; the great doors were standing open, and the whole troop floated into the chamber of audience, where the queen, who was half a woman after all, was seated on a throne made of a green and blue shell.

"I was once a girl too," answered the queen, when the fish had ended; "and my father was the king of a great country. A husband was found for me, and on my wedding-day my mother placed her crown on my head and told me that as long as I wore it I should likewise be queen. For many months I was as happy as a girl could be, especially when I had a little son to play with. But one morning, when I was walking in my gardens, there came a giant and snatched the crown from my head. Holding me fast, he told me that he intended to give the crown to his daughter, and to enchant my husband the prince, so that he should not know the difference between us. Since then she has filled my place and been queen in my stead. As for me, I was so miserable that I threw myself into the sea, and my ladies, who loved me, declared that they would die too; but, instead of dying, some wizard, who pitied my fate, turned us all into fishes, though he allowed me to keep the face and body of a woman. And fishes we must remain until someone brings back my crown again!"

"I will bring it back if you tell me what to do!" cried the little fish; who would have promised anything that was likely to carry her up to earth again. And the queen answered:

"Yes, I will tell you what to do."

She sat silent for a moment, and then she went on:

"There is no danger if you will only follow my counsel; and first you must return to earth, and go up to the top of a high mountain, where the giant has built his castle. You will find him sitting on the steps weeping for his daughter, who has just

died while the prince was away hunting. At the last she sent her father my crown by a faithful servant. But I warn you to be careful, for if he sees you he may kill you. Therefore I will give you the power to change yourself into any creature that may help you best. You have only to strike your forehead, and call out its name."

This time the journey to land seemed much shorter than before, and when once the fish reached the shore she struck her forehead sharply with her tail, and cried:

"Deer, come to me!"

In a moment the small slimy body disappeared, and in its place stood a beautiful beast with branching horns and slender legs, quivering with longing to be gone. Throwing back her head and snuffing the air, she broke into a run, leaping easily over the rivers and walls that stood in her way.

It happened that the king's son had been hunting since daybreak, but had killed nothing, and when the deer crossed his path as he was resting under a tree he was determined to have her. He flung himself on his horse, which went like the wind, and as the prince had often hunted the forest before, and knew all the short cuts, he at last came up with the panting beast.

"By your favour let me go, and do not kill me," said the deer, turning to the prince with tears in her eyes, "for I have far to run and much to do." And as the prince, struck dumb with surprise, only looked at her, the deer cleared the next wall and was soon out of sight.

"That can't *really* be a deer," thought the prince to himself, reining his horse and not attempting to follow her. "No deer ever had eyes like that. It must be an enchanted maiden, and I will marry her and no other." So, turning his horse's head, he rode slowly back to his palace.

The deer reached the giant's castle quite out of breath, and her heart sank as she gazed at the tall, smooth walls which surrounded it. Then she plucked up courage and cried:

"Ant, come to me!" And in a moment the branching horns and beautiful shape had vanished, and a tiny brown ant, invisible to all who did not look closely was climbing up the walls.

It was wonderful how fast she went, that little creature! The

wall must have appeared miles high in comparison with her own body; yet, in less time that wou'd have seemed possible, she was over the top and down in the courtyard on the other side. Here she paused to consider what had best be done next, and looking about her she saw that one of the walls had a tall tree growing by it, and in this corner was a window very nearly on a level with the highest branches of the tree.

"Monkey, come to me!" cried the ant; and before you could turn round a monkey was swinging herself from the top most branches into the room where the giant lay snoring.

"Perhaps he will be so frightened at the sight of me that he may die of fear, and I shall never get the crown," thought the monkey. "I had better become something else." And she called softly: "Parrot, come to me!"

Then a pink and grey parrot hopped up to the giant, who by this time was stretching himself and giving yawns which shook the castle. The parrot waited a little, until he was really awake, and then she said boldly that she had been sent to take away the crown, which was not his any longer, now his daughter the queen was dead.

On hearing these words the giant leapt out of bed with an angry roar, and sprang at the parrot in order to wring her neck with his great hands. But the bird was too quick for him, and, flying behind his back, begged the giant to have patience, as her death would be of no use to him.

"That is true," answered the giant; "but I am not so foolish as to give you that crown for nothing. Let me think what I will have in exchange!" And he scratched his huge head for several minutes, for giants' minds always move slowly.

"Ah, yes, that will do!" exclaimed the giant at last, his face brightening. "You shall have the crown if you will bring me a collar of blue stones from the Arch of St. Martin, in the Great City."

Now when the parrot had been a girl she had often heard of this wonderful arch and the precious stones and marbles that had been let into it. It sounded as if it would be a very hard thing to get them away from the building of which they formed a part, but all had gone well with her so far, and at any rate she could but try. So she bowed to the giant, and made her way

back to the window where the giant could not see her. Then she called quickly:

"Eagle, come to me!"

Before she had even reached the tree she felt herself borne up on strong wings ready to carry her to the clouds if she wished to go there, and, seeming a mere speck in the sky, she was swept along till she beheld the Arch of St. Martin far below, with the sun shining on it. Then she swooped down, and, hiding herself behind a buttress so that she could not be detected from below, she set herself to dig out the nearest blue stones with her beak. It was even harder work than she had expected; but at last it was done, and hope arose in her heart. She next drew out a piece of string that she had found hanging from a tree, and sitting down to rest strung the stones together. When the necklace was finished she hung it round her neck, and called: "Parrot, come to me!" And a little later the pink and grey parrot stood before the giant.

"Here is the necklace you asked for," said the parrot. And the eyes of the giant glistened as he took the heap of blue stones in his hand. But for all that he was not minded to give up the crown.

"They are hardly as blue as I expected," he grumbled, though the parrot knew as well as he did that he was not speaking the truth; "so you must bring me something else in exchange for the crown you want so much. If you fail it will cost you not only the crown but your life also."

"What is it you want now?" asked the parrot; and the giant answered:

"If I give you my crown I must have another still more beautiful; and this time you shall bring me a crown of stars."

The parrot turned away, and as soon as she was outside she murmured:

"Toad, come to me!" And sure enough a toad she was, and off she set in search of the starry crown.

She had not gone far before she came to a clear pool, in which the stars were reflected so brightly that they looked quite real to touch and handle. Stooping down she filled a bag she was carrying with the shining water and, returning to the castle, wove a crown out of the reflected stars. Then she cried as before:

"Parrot, come to me!" And in the shape of a parrot she entered the presence of the giant.

"Here is the crown you asked for," she said; and this time the giant could not help crying out with admiration. He knew he was beaten, and still holding the chaplet of stars, he turned to the girl.

"Your power is greater than mine: take the crown; you have won it fairly!"

The parrot did not need to be told twice. Seizing the crown, she sprang on to the window, crying: "Monkey, come to me!" And to a monkey, the climb down the tree into the courtyard did not take half a minute. When she had reached the ground she said again; "Ant, come to me!" And a little ant at once began to crawl over the high wall. How glad the ant was to be out of the giant's castle, holding fast the crown which had shrunk to almost nothing, as she herself had done, but grew quite big again, when the ant exclaimed:

"Deer, come to me!"

Surely no deer ever ran so swiftly as that one! On and on she went, bounding over rivers and crashing through tangles till she reached the sea. Here she called for the last time:

"Fish, come to me!" And, plunging in, she swam along the bottom as far as the palace, where the queen and all the fishes were gathered together awaiting her.

The hours since she had left had gone very slowly--as they always do to people that are waiting--and many of them had quite given up hope.

"I am tired of staying here," grumbled a beautiful little creature, whose colours changed with every movement of her body, "I want to see what is going on in the upper world. It must be *months* since that fish went away."

"It was a very difficult task, and the giant must certainly have killed her or she would have been back long ago," remarked another.

"The young flies will be coming out now," murmured a third, "and they will all be eaten up by the river fish! It is really *too* bad!" When, suddenly, a voice was heard from behind: "Look! look! What is that bright thing that is moving so swiftly towards us? And the queen started up, and stood on her tail, so excited was she.

A silence fell on all the crowd, and even the grumblers held their peace and gazed like the rest. On and on came the fish, holding the crown tightly in her mouth, and the others moved back to let her pass. On she went right up to the queen, who bent and taking the crown, placed it on her own head. Then a wonderful thing happened. Her tail dropped away or, rather, it divided and grew into two legs and a pair of the prettiest feet in the world, while her maidens, who were grouped around her, shed their scales and became girls again. They all turned and looked at each other first, and next at the little fish who had regained her own shape and was more beautiful than any of them.

"It is *you* who have given us back our life; *you, you!*" they cried; and fell to weeping from very joy.

So they all went back to earth and the queen's palace, and quite forgot the one that lay under the sea. But they had been so long away that they found many changes. The prince, the queen's husband, had died some years since, and in his place was her son, who had grown up and was king! Even in his joy at seeing his mother again an air of sadness clung to him, and at last the queen could bear it no longer, and begged him to walk with her into in the garden. Seated together in a bower of jessamine--where she had passed long hours as a bride--she took her son's hand and asked him to tell her the cause of his sorrow. For, said she, "if I can give you happiness you shall have it."

"It is no use," answered the prince; "nobody can help me. I must bear it alone."

"But at least let me share your grief," urged the queen.

"No one can do that," said he. "I have fallen in love with what I can never marry, and I must get on as best I can."

"It may not be so impossible as you think," answered the queen. "At any rate, tell me."

There was silence between them for a moment, then, turning away with his head, the prince answered gently:

"I have fallen in love with a beautiful deer!"

"Ah, if *that* is all," exclaimed the queen joyfully. And she told him in broken words that, as he had guessed, it was no deer but an enchanted maiden who had won back the crown and brought her home to her own people.

"She is here, in my palace," added the queen. "I will take you to her."

But when the prince stood before the girl, who was so much more beautiful than anything he had ever dreamed of, he lost all courage, and stood with bent head before her.

Then the maiden drew near, and her eyes, as she looked at him, were the eyes of the deer that day in the forest. She whispered softly:

"By your favour let me go, and do not kill me."

And the prince remembered her words, and his heart was filled with happiness. And the queen, his mother, watched them and smiled.

16

The Serpents

There was once a time when the Valley of Jauja, where the Mantaro River now flows, was covered by the waters of an enormous lake. In the middle of this lake there lived a serpent.

At first the serpent was all alone. But in time the rainbow created a second serpent to keep the first one company. It was not quite so large and also considerably darker than the first, which, when fully grown, was of a whitish color. But the two became enemies and soon were fighting for control of the lake. Their struggles were violent, and often the lake would be churned into great columns of water, upon which the larger serpent would rise far into the sky. Once, as it swooped down upon the smaller one, it attacked with such fury that it lost a huge piece of its tail.

Angered by these disturbances, the god Ticsi sent a thunderstorm. Both serpents were struck dead by lightning. As they sank back into the swollen lake, it broke free at its southern rim and all the water came pouring out.

When the valley had been formed in this manner, then the first two human beings, called Mama and Taita, were hurled forth from a spring. Until then they had remained hidden in the earth for fear of the serpents. In later days the descendants of this pair constructed the temple of Huarivilca, the ruins of which can still be seen.

Today it is widely believed that the serpents still live in a cave, where from time to time they grow to enormous size. And taking advantage of the winds that blow up during thunderstorms, they try to ride into the sky. But they are always killed by lightning striking down through the clouds. And when a serpent appears in the sky, if it is white, the year will be good; if it is black, the year will be bad.

A Nenets Tale

ilka lived in an encampment in the middle of the Ural Mountains. He had many deer and a fine, large tent. His older sister was the mistress of his tent and like a mother to him. For they had no parents, and she had taken care if him since he had been a little boy. Whenever he followed her advice, things turned out right. Whenever he didn't, he got into trouble. But he would not always listen to her.

One evening Wilka sat by the hearth. He got bored and he said."I'm tired of living in one place. The rivers flow from the mountains to the sea. I too will go down to the sea and hunt sea animals."

"We have large herds of deer, plenty of meat and fat," his sister said. "Why go down to the sea?"

"I'm tired of venison," Wilka insisted. "And I need walrus hides for a new harness. I will go down to the sea."

"Make a new harness of deerskin," his sister said. "Then we can ride across the mountain to the next encampment and get you a beautiful wife."

But Wilka didn't answer.

Next morning he awakened before dawn. He did not rouse his sister, he did not make the fire. He dressed and went out of the tent. Five times he threw his rope, and caught five of his strongest stags. He harnessed them to his sled and piled the sled with meat for the long journey.

His sister woke and said, "This is a foolish thing you're doing, Wilka. You do not know the sea. and you are not a sea hunter. You'll perish. You're as long as a summer day, but your thoughts are as short as a winter day. Don't go!"

But Wilka answered, "I will."

And he did.

A river flowed on his right, it ran straight down to the sea, and Wilka drove his team along the river.

At a rocky spot where there had been a landslide, the river slowed down. Wilka stopped his deer, took his leaden snuffbox from his pouch, and shook out some tobacco in the palm of his hand. The last deer in the team sneezed.

"Why did he sneeze?" thought Wilka. "Does it mean that I will perish in the sea and never come back home?"

Still, he went on. For a long time the river flowed straight, for a long time Wilka followed it. They came to a high cliff, and the river made a sharp turn. Wilka stopped again and took some more snuff. The leading deer, snow-white, looked back and sneezed.

And Wilka thought, "Another deer sneezed. Now I know I'll perish!"

But still he did not turn back. He rode and rode. The sun rose high over the Ural Mountains.

The river had almost reached the sea; it spread out wide. And Wilka stopped again, and took out his snuffbox. A breeze blew the tobacco in the air. All five deer raised their heads, laid their wide horns along their backs, and sneezed.

"Now all five deer sneezed," said Wilka to himself. "I'll never see home again."

He said it, and he drove his sled straight toward the sea.

At the edge of the sea the five deer stopped and looked ahead. And Wilka looked where they looked. Along the shore of the salt sea a huge white bear walked on the ice.

"I found what I came for," said Wilka. "There's my quarry!"

He drove the five deer on the ice. The bear stood, waiting, as if teasing Wilka. Now he was almost within reach. But suddenly he turned and ran toward the water, away from shore.

"I'll catch up with him," thought Wilka. "My deer are fast."

The bear ran faster and faster. Lumps of frozen snow flew up over his head from his hind paws. The deer flew after him, so lightly that their hooves seemed not to touch the ice.

But now the ice began to split apart. Black water flowed into the crack, more than a man's step wide. But Wilka paid attention only to the bear. He did not see the crack.

The bear leaped, and the deer carried the sled across the crack. They ran on. Again there was a crack before them--two

steps wide. They crossed it too. The ice spread open a third time--the crack was three steps wide. The bear sat down on his haunches, gathered himself up, and leaped across it. The deer flew over it like a flock of birds.

Wilka fired at the bear. The bear roared, stood up on his hind legs, and struck a paw at the middle deer. The deer fell dead, and the bear fell dead.

Wilka skinned the bear and put his thick pelt in the sled to take home. Then he turned his team around and started back, singing a song about Wilka, the great sea hunter.

He came to the place where the crack had been, and looked: nothing around but water, sea waves rising, curving their backs high above him. No shore anywhere in sight. He had been carried on an ice floe far into the sea.

"Well," said Wilka to himself. "I can shout, and I can cry. But that won't make the shore come any closer to me."

And Wilka settled down on the floe. For three years the waves carried the floe over the sea. For three years Wilka lived on the meat of his deer. Now he only had one deer left--the white one.

The fourth year came, and Wilka thought: "If I'm to stay alive, I'll have to kill my last deer. No, I will perish anyway. Let the deer live!"

He brought the white deer to the edge of the ice floe, pushed him down into the water and said, "Swim. Maybe you will reach the shore."

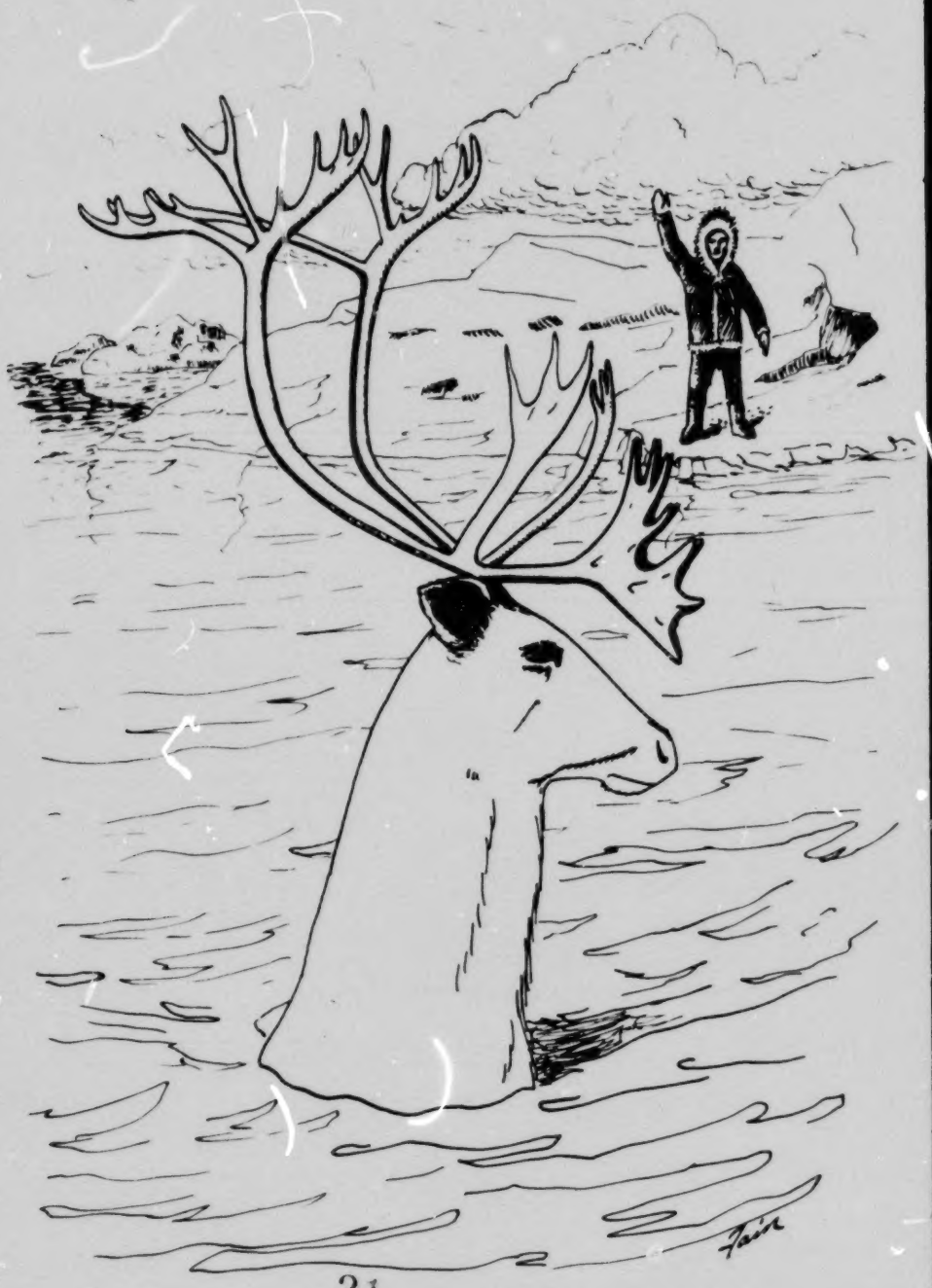
The deer began to swim, then looked around. Tears flowed from his eyes. He swam away a hundred steps and turned back. He leaped up on the ice, went to his master, and licked his face. Wilka understood: "He's saying to me, 'If we have to die, it's better that we die together.' But I think it is best that one of us should stay alive."

And he pushed the deer once more into the water. This time the deer swam two hundred steps, and then returned.

He licked Wilka's face twice. Wilka understood. "He's saying to me, 'Climb upon my back, Master. We shall swim together. But with me on his back, he'll never reach land."

He stroked the white deer and pushed him down into the sea a third time. He remained alone on the floe.

The deer swam three hundred steps and glanced back at his



master for the last time. Wilka waved to him. The deer shook his horns, and swam on.

Wilka looked after him. Now the white deer disappeared from sight. Even his horns could no longer be seen behind the waves.

Who can tell how many or how few days Wilka lived by himself on the ice floe? He shriveled up from lack of food. His clothes, his boots wore down to tatters. When the sun looked out, it warmed him. When the frost struck, he did not know whether he was alive or dead. He lost all strength. He lay there on the ice, his eyes closed.

The waves broke pieces off the floe. The wind chipped it. It grew so small that it might melt down altogether any day.

At dawn one morning something bumped against the floe. Wilka opened his eyes: a tree trunk rocked upon the waves nearby. It must have been a huge tree. A great wind must have torn it out by the roots.

Wilka crawled over to the trunk and curled up among the roots. He no longer understood anything. All that he saw was the sun rising, the waves breaking, the foam splashing.

And the tree was driven on and on over the sea until one day it struck shore ice. There was a booming noise, and Wilka thought he heard a voice speak.

"Are you dead or alive, Wilka? Land is near, get up!"

He raised himself a little--something black was in the distance. Land, or a cloud? He could not tell.

He crept out from among the roots onto the ice, rested a bit, then started toward the black thing far ahead. When he could walk, he walked; when he couldn't, he crawled. When he had no strength left, he lay down and rested. Finally he reached the shore.

"After all," he thought, "my bones are now on land. At least I shall not die in the water."

He looked around. A huge tree stood before him. Under its roots--a deep pit. Wilka got down into the pit, and went to sleep.

He was awakened by a loud knocking. The tree over him shook. Someone was chopping at the roots.

"The tree will fall and crush me," thought Wilka. But he had no strength to climb out of the pit. And so he cried, "Who's that

up there? Go away, or I will show you!"

And those who were chopping the tree were two giant sisters, the daughters of the Master of the Deer. The older sister heard Wilka and said, "I think a mouse squeaked. Take a look under the roots, sister."

The younger one peered into the pit, saw Wilka, and got frightened.

"Come away," she said to her older sister. "Something's down there--neither man nor beast."

"Remember," said the other, "what our father told us: 'Whatever you may see on the shore, look at it well.' Let's look at it well."

And both peered into the pit. The younger sister said, "It may be a man. I don't know whether he's alive or dead. What do we need him for?"

And the older one answered, "Father said, 'Whatever you may find upon the shore, don't leave it there.' Let's take him, he may turn out to be of some use."

She stuck her hand into the pit and pulled Wilka out. She felt him. Warm. That meant he was alive. She put him into her mitten and said to her sister, "Let's hurry, we'll take him back to the tent."

They did not finish chopping the tree. They got into their empty sled and drove home. There they tried to warm Wilka by the fire. He thawed out and began to move his arms and legs a little.

And now the snow outside creaked under the runners of a sled. The Master of the Deer was coming home. The giant sisters ran out of the tent to meet their father.

"Well, daughters," he said to them. "Did you bring the wood?"

"We didn't bring the wood, we brought a little man," they said, unharnessing their father's reindeer--each one like a mountain.

The Master of the Deer went into the tent, looked to see who it was lying by the hearth, and said, "But this is Wilka. He grazes deer in the middle of the mountain range. I see you've had a bad time, Wilka."

"Very bad," said Wilka. "I never thought I'd bring my bones back to solid land."

"You wouldn't have, either," the Master of the Deer said. "You have to know the sea to hunt there. It was your luck that the white deer came to me just in time. He told me how you floated on the ice together, how you saved his life without thinking of yourself. It was I who sent the tree upon the water, so it would bring you back to shore. Stay with us awhile, till you recover your strength."

And Wilka began to live with the Master of the Deer, gathering strength. The giant sisters fed him well and covered him warmly. At first Wilka sat by the fire all the time. Then he started to crawl on all fours. Then he stood up and walked on his feet.

When he could walk, he said to the Master of the Deer, "Give me two deer. I will return to my own tent, in the middle of the mountain range."

"Wait, Wilka," the Master of the Deer answered. "The tundra is frozen over, the people have lost many deer. I must go to the tundra to thaw out the ground, to bring fawns to the herds. Stay here while I'm away and tend my deer."

The sisters harnessed two enormous deer, each as big as a mountain,to their father's sled. The Master of the Deer sat down in the sled and whistled, and heads of deer rose from behind each knoll and hillock, like prows of boats over the crests of waves. The Master of the Deer drove his pair, the little fawns ran after him.

Wilka looked: the fawns ran on and on, there seemed no end to the herd. When at last, the smallest leaped by, it was already evening.

And the old deer stayed behind. Wilka began to tend the herd. He'd harness three bucks to a sled, drive out some distance, then stop and dig up the snow,with a little spade. If there were moss and lichen under the snow, he would bring the herd there. The deer never went hungry.

No one can tell how long it took before the Master of the Deer returned. Three days he drove around his herd, then he came back and said to Wilka, "You tended my deer well. Now you can go home."

The giant sisters prepared what Wilka needed for the journey. They piled a sled with frozen venison and warm blankets. They sewed new clothes for him. They harnessed

four does to the sled. In parting, the Master of the Deer said to Wilka, "These does will take you to your tent. But do not make them turn off the road. Don't enter anybody's else's tent. Don't speak to strangers. If you do, there will be trouble."

The Master of the Deer whistled. The does sprang forward and pulled the sled.

Wilka sat in the sled, impatient to get home. He looked at the does: they scarcely seemed to move. He looked at the woods: the trees flew by.

He rode a long time. The forest ended, they came out into the tundra. Nothing but snow and snow. Then an encampment appeared in the distance. Many tents stood dark against the snow.

"Let me stop at the encampment," thought Wilka. "I'll talk to people. I'll find out the news."

He forgot the warning of the Master of the Deer. He pulled at the harness, but the does shook their horns, and would not take him to the strange encampment.

"Well, if you will not come, wait for me here!" said Wilka.

He jumped out of the sled and ran toward the tents. The people ran out of the tents to meet him. Wilka stared: they did not look like people, yet they were people. Each had only one eye, one arm, and one leg. They gathered around him and took him to the biggest tent. They seated him on a skin by the fire and offered him food.

Wilka ate less as he looked in wonder at his hosts. And they looked back at him in wonder.

The oldest man in the encampment said, "What does he need two eyes, two arms, and two legs for? This guest of ours will make two excellent men. Let us chop him in half."

The piece of meat he was eating stuck in Wilka's throat. It was only now that he remembered the warning of the Master of the Deer not to enter strange tents: there would be trouble, he said, and here it was.

"Still," thought Wilka, "I didn't perish at sea. Perhaps I will escape this danger, too."

And he said to his one-armed hosts, "That's good! I'm glad I will be two men. We'll have a jolly time together. The two halves will be closer than two brothers. Let's finish eating. Then we'll go outside and you will chop me in two."

When the axes were sharp enough, they looked around: no Wilka.

"Where are you, Wilka?" they shouted.

"I'm here!" he answered.

The one-eyes looked again: no Wilka anywhere. He had slipped around to the side where they had no eyes.

But the camp elder guessed it, turned quickly, and hopped over to Wilka, intending to catch him. Wilka slipped around to the side where he had no arm. While the elder was turning again, Wilka managed to escape from the encampment altogether. The one-legged chased him, hopping as fast as they could. But Wilka had two feet--he ran faster. He leaped into the sled. The does dashed off at full speed, raising a snowstorm behind them.

Once again Wilka rode through the tundra, singing songs to cheer himself on the long way.

He rode a day, two days, many, many days. Suddenly another encampment appeared. A multitude of tents stood dark against the white snow. And Wilka longed again to talk to people.

Again he forgot the warning of the Master of the Deer. He started turning his team toward the encampment, but the does shook their horns and would not go. Wilka climbed down from the sled and ran toward the people.

From the distance he saw them searching for something in the snow, digging something up and putting it in their mouths. When they noticed Wilka, they surrounded him, and led him to the largest tent. The tent was covered with moss instead of animal skins. There were no skins inside it, either--nothing but piles of moss. Wilka wondered, but said nothing.

His hosts made Wilka sit down and began to serve him. A beautiful long-haired girl brought in four large bowls. In one there was fresh moss, in the other dried moss, in the third soaked moss, in the fourth, boiled moss.

Wilka didn't know what to do. He could not eat, yet he could not refuse. He tasted the moss, choked on it, and moved the bowl away.

The camp elder asked, "Why don't you eat?"

And Wilka answered, "I'm not a deer, I don't eat moss."

The elder stood up and shouted, "He must belong to the deer people! Their deer trample our food. Let us kill him!"

Wilka finished his meal and they went out of the tent. His hosts chose a place where the snow was trampled down hard, and told Wilka to sit down. They began to sharpen their axes.

They jumped on Wilka, tied his hands and feet, and dragged him outside, into the snow.

Wilka lay on the snow and remembered the words of the Master of the Deer. "If I hadn't gone into a strange encampment, I wouldn't be in trouble now. But now that trouble's here, I must somehow find a way to fool it!"

And he said to the people, "I didn't eat your food, I'm not a deer. But you are not deer, either, and I did not see you eat it. I'll never believe that there are people who eat moss. Why don't you eat the food you served me yourself? Show me the empty bowls, then you can kill me."

The people ran back to the tent to eat the moss. And that was all Wilka needed. He began to roll over in the snow to loosen the bonds, and tried to tear them with his teeth. Wilka had strong teeth, but the bonds were stronger.

Suddenly the long-haired girl came out of the tent. She had a big knife in her hands.

"Well," thought Wilka. "That's the end of me!"

But the girl had no evil on her mind. She cut the bonds on Wilka's hands and feet.

Wilka jumped up and looked at the girl. Her hair was long, and she was beautiful She said to him, "Run quickly, or my people will kill you."

But Wilka answered, "Why should I run from such a kind and beautiful girl?"

"In that case, let us run together. I can't remain here, either. They will kill me for freeing you."

Wilka took her by the hand and they ran.

The moss-eaters came out of the tent with empty bowls. They shouted and ran after Wilka and the girl. But the two had already reached the sled. They jumped in, and the does sprang forward, raising clouds of snow behind them.

They drove and drove for many days. But Wilka did not stop again and did not turn off again. He never looked at anything except the beautiful, long-haired girl.

At last the Ural Mountains appeared. Wilka's tent stood in the middle of them. His deer grazed on their slopes.

The does flew faster. Soon they stopped at Wilka's tent. The old white deer ran up to Wilka and licked his face.

Then Wilka's sister came out of the tent and asked, "Who is that with you?"

"That's the wife I got myself. The three of us will live together now."

"Ah, so you got yourself a wife at last! It's about time."

Then she laughed and said, "And where are the walrus hides for a new harness? Ours is really badly worn by now."

"I have no walrus hides. We'll make strong new harness out of deerskin."

"And where is the meat of sea animals? You were tired of venison."

"Venison is fine. Prepare a good meal. We'll teach my wife to eat meat and fat. And I . . ." Wilka thought awhile and said, "I've had long enough of traveling. I won't go to the sea again."

The Story of Nuliajuk, Mother of the Sea, Ruler of All Beasts, the Most Dangerous and Terrible of All Spirits, to Whom Nothing Is Impossible.

In a time of famine once
when the whole village was going off to new hunting
grounds a little orphan girl named Nuliajuk
was left behind. Nobody could bother
about an extra mouth to feed.

They were in a hurry
to get to a place where there was food.
They made a raft of the kayaks to cross the river on
and the parents put their children on board.
Little Nuliajuk who had no one to take care of her
jumped out on the raft as it left the shore
wanting to go too,
but the people threw her off into the water.

The little girl tried to hold on to the edge of the raft
but they cut her fingers off
and as she went under
the pieces of her fingers came alive in the water
and turned into seals:
That's where seals came from.

And Nuliajuk floated to the bottom
where she became Mother of the Sea
and Ruler of All Beasts on sea and land.

There she lives in her house under the waters
and keeps track of everything we do,
and when we break taboos she punishes us
by hiding the animals. Then hunting is bad
and people starve. That is why
she is the most feared of all the gods.

Nuliajuk gave seals to mankind, it is true,
but she is not friendly to people
for they had no pity on her when she lived on earth,
throwing her into the sea like that to drown.
So naturally she would like mankind to perish too.
That is why we do our best
to be as good as we can
and make Nuliajuk think kindly of us.

The Sea Lion Hunt

All the men were getting ready to hunt the sea lions. The people liked sea lion meat best of all. But the sea lion was very fierce. Only the strongest hunters could kill the sea lions.

Blackskin sat by the fire in the Chief's big house. He watched the smoke going up through the smoke hole in the roof of the house. He did not say anything to anyone.

The men were going by the door. Each wore his best shirt for the sea lion hunt. That was what the hunters always did.

The Chief's wife came up to Blackskin. "Will the men ask you to go on the sea lion hunt?" she said.

"They will not ask me. But I am going," he said. "Bring me a clean shirt."

The Chief's wife brought a clean shirt and a band for his hair. She put these, with some food, in a small bundle. Blackskin put the bundle inside his old shirt and went down to the sea. He went toward the big canoe.

All the people were watching the young men push the big canoe out into the water.

The hunters were ready to go. Blackskin stood and watched them.

When the Chief and his hunters were seated in the canoe, Blackskin walked out into the water.

"I will go with you," he said.

Everyone laughed and shouted, "Look at Blackskin, the great sea lion hunter. He does not even have a clean shirt."

The young men pushed the big canoe away from the shore. But Blackskin took hold of the canoe and held it, and the men could not move it. They all turned and looked at the Chief.

"Let my nephew come with us," said the Chief. "He can dip the water out of the bottom of the canoe."

The hunters looked at Blackskin and said, "How many sea lions are you going to kill?"

But Blackskin did not say a word. He got into the canoe. He sat in the bottom of the canoe and went to sleep.

At last the Chief and his hunters came to the island where the sea lions lived. As the canoe came up to the shore, the Chief jumped out. Sea lions were all around him.

The Chief caught a small sea lion by the tail and hit it on the rocks and killed it. Then he went after a big sea lion, the biggest sea lion of them all.

The Chief was a strong man. He jumped on top of the sea lion. He was going to twist its head as he had twisted the tree in the village. But the sea lion threw him off. He fell and hit his head on a rock and was killed.

When the hunters saw what had happened, they paddled the canoe out to sea. But Blackskin put on his clean shirt and the band on his hair. He stood up in the front of the canoe and spoke as a chief would speak.

"Take the canoe back to the island of the sea lions. I will kill the sea lion that killed my uncle."

The hunters knew that a chief had spoken. They paddled the canoe back to the island.

Blackskin stepped out of the canoe. He went after the sea lion that had killed his uncle. He twisted the sea lion's head until it was dead. Then he hit many of the smaller sea lions and killed them.

Now the hunters were afraid of Blackskin, for he was very strong. They remembered how they had made fun of him. So the men paddled the canoe away from the island, and left Blackskin alone.

The House of the Sea Lions

Blackskin was alone on the island of the sea lions. Dead sea lions were all about him. He did not know what to do.Blackskin was very tired. So he lay down and went to sleep. In his sleep he heard the beating of sticks. Suddenly he heard someone say, "I have come for you."

When Blackskin looked around, he could see no one. Then he heard the call again, "I have been sent to get you."

Blackskin looked around again. But he saw nothing but a black duck swimming in the water.

Now, as everyone knows, every animal lives in his own place. Fish live in the water, and birds live in the air. The duck can fly in the air but he can also go under the water.

The shaman, or man of magic, had told Blackskin that sometimes a man can change himself into a fish or into a bird, or even into a duck.

"Get on my back," said the duck, "and keep your eyes shut." Blackskin was not afraid. He went out to the duck. The duck became much larger. Blackskin lay on the back of the duck and shut his eyes. He felt that he was going down, down, down to the bottom of the sea.

When Blackskin opened his eyes, he was in a very fine house. It was the house of the sea lions under the sea. Here the sea lions looked just like people.

In the house of the sea lions, lying on a bed, was a boy who was in great pain. He was crying all of the time. Blackskin looked at the boy and saw that there was in his side a bone spear head.

Blackskin cut the bone spear head out of the boy's side. He washed the place with clean water. The boy got well at once.

The boy was the son of the Chief of the sea lions. The Chief said to Blackskin, "You have made my son well. Ask for

anything and I shall give it to you."

Blackskin had looked around in the house. He had seen a beautiful box that was hanging overhead.

"I would like that beautiful box," said Blackskin.

"It shall be yours," said the Chief of the sea lions. "But take good care of that box, for it is the most wonderful thing I have. It is a magic box. It is the 'box of the winds.' Call any wind you want, and whistle. The wind you have called will come to the box."

The Chief took down the box and gave it to Blackskin. Blackskin got into the box, for it was a very large one. Suddenly he found himself in the middle of the sea. He called for the wind that would take him back to his own village. When he whistled, the wind came and blew him and the box. Soon Blackskin saw the shore of his own village. The wind blew the box up on the shore.

All the people were glad to see Blackskin again. The first thing he did was to hang the box up on the tree by the village. He did not want it to be hurt.

The people told Blackskin that he was their new Chief. But some of the young men ran away into the woods. They were afraid of Blackskin. They remembered how they had made fun of him. They remembered how they had gone off and left him on the sea lion island.

But Blackskin was not angry with any of the young men.

"Do not be cruel," he said. "If you are cruel, you will be ashamed of yourself, and others will be ashamed of you. And do not make fun of anyone as you did of me when my uncle was Chief."

Blackskin was a good man. He was a good Chief to his people.

The Polar Bear

The wind had driven the ice up on the beach. The seals had gone. The birds had gone. The fish had gone. The people of the village were sitting in the council house or kashim, waiting to die.

Puzwuk had gone out and caught a little bird for the people. He had caught a large bird for the people. He had even caught a seal for them. They were still alive, and the seal oil lamps were still burning to keep the kashim warm.

But this was not enough. The starving time was not over. All the people would die unless Puzwuk could find more food for them.

The next morning, Puzwuk took his harpoon and his spear. He went out of the kashim. He started to go over the ice to the hole where he had found the seal.

As he went over the ice, a snow storm came. The wind blew. And there was so much snow that Puzwuk did not know where he was going.

Puzwuk did not want to go back to the kashim without any food for the people. So he slowly went on in the snow. Soon he lost his way. He found himself on the side of a large hill made up of piles of ice pushed up by the wind.

Suddenly Puzwuk heard a great roar. He thought that the hill of ice had broken off from the shore and would go out to sea. Then he heard the roar again. This time it seemed closer to him. He stood still and looked all around. The snowing had stopped.

Then Puzwuk saw, coming over the ice and snow, the biggest polar bear he had ever seen.

Now Puzwuk knew that this was starving time for the polar bears as well as for his people. This polar bear must be very hungry. So the bear wanted to catch an Eskimo just as he would a rabbit or a seal.

Puzwuk was a fast runner. He started to run around the hill of ice and snow. The polar bear ran after him. The boy went around and around the hill. The polar bear was right behind him.

Little by little, Puzwuk got ahead of the polar bear. Soon the bear could not see him but the bear was following his tracks in the snow. Then Puzwuk slipped and fell. As he did so, he saw a hole in the cakes of ice. Quickly, he hid himself in the hole.

The polar bear did not know that the boy had hidden himself. So he raced around and around the hill of ice. Puzwuk could hear him roar as he went by his hiding place.

Puzwuk said to himself,

"The next time that bear passes by, I shall throw my spear. I shall hit the bear in the heart and kill him. Then there will be much food for the people."

With a last roar, the bear fell in the snow. Puzwuk had killed him.

The bear was so big that Puzwuk could not move him. As the snow was not falling, Puzwuk could see where he was. So he started out to the village. It was a hard journey, for the snow was deep, but Puzwuk at last got to the kashim.

The woman who had been good to him was so glad to see him. She had been afraid he was lost.

"I have killed a polar bear," said Puzwuk. "There will be plenty of food for all the people. But all the men who are strong enough must come with me to bring the bear in."

All the people in the kashim said,

"Look. The boy we put out of our homes when he was little has killed a polar bear. We are sorry we were not kind to him. Now he will give meat to all of us. The starving time is over."

The Lake Monster

A long time ago, the son of a Chief married the daughter of another Chief. The young man went to live in the house of his wife's mother, as the custom was. But the mother-in-law did not like him.

All day long the wife's mother made fun of her son-in-law. She called him a lazy man and said that he did not work like the other men in the village. He did not cut wood. And he did not go fishing.

Now there was a lake up in the mountains that the young man often thought about. He had heard many stories that the old men told about a monster that lived in this lake. The young man wanted to go to the lake and to see this monster.

When summer came, the salmon came up the river by the village. All the people of the village went out to fish for the salmon. The young man went with them. But he caught only two salmon. Then he went away, and no one saw where he went.

The beautiful wife cried for her husband. But her mother said, "I hope I never see your lazy husband again. They say he caught only two salmon, and then he went away. I am glad he is gone."

But the young man had taken his two salmon and had climbed up to the lake in the mountains. There he had made a fire and smoked the salmon so that they would keep.

The young man made himself a little house beside the lake. Then he took his ax and cut down a big tree that stood beside the lake. When the tree fell into the lake, the young man said,

"Now I shall make a trap to catch the monster that lives in the lake."

The young man split the tree part way down, and kept the two halves apart with sticks. He put the tree in the water of the

lake with the two halves held apart, and with water in between them.

Then the young man put one of the salmon on his line and let it down in the lake right between the halves of the tree. He waited until he felt a pull on his line. Then he pulled up the line very quickly. The monster came up to the top, right after the salmon. So the monster was right between the halves of the tree.

Quickly, the young man kicked the sticks that held the halves of the tree apart. The halves came together and caught the head of the monster. He made a great noise in the water, but soon he was dead.

The young man used his sticks to separate the two halves of the tree. Then he took the monster out of the water and skinned it. He dried the skin very carefully.

Now the old men had said that if a man could crawl into the skin of the lake monster, he could go down under the water. So the young man crawled into the skin of the monster and swam down under the water. There he found a beautiful house where the monster had lived.

At last the young man came up from the bottom of the lake. He crawled out of the skin of the monster. When the skin was dry, he put it into a hollow tree where nothing would hurt it. Then the young man went back to the village.

The beautiful wife was very glad to see her husband. But the mother-in-law said, "I hoped that I would never see that lazy man again. But now he has come back to eat the salmon that the rest of us have caught."

For a time, there was plenty of salmon. All the people in the village had all they wanted to eat. But soon all the dried salmon was gone. The men went out but they could not catch any fish. The people in the village were hungry.

The Young Man Helps

The people in the village were hungry. The dried salmon was all gone. And the men could not catch any more fish. One day the young man said to his wife,

"I am going away. Every night I shall be gone. I will return in the morning. But if I am not home before the raven calls, you will know that I am dead."

The young man went up to the lake in the mountains and got the monster's skin out of the hollow tree. He put it on and went down into the lake. He swam from the lake down into the river by the village and then out into the sea. He swam around in the sea and found a big salmon.

It was dark as he brought the salmon to the shore by the village. He put it in front of his mother-in-law's house. Then he carried the skin back to the lake and hid it in the hollow tree. He got back to his wife before the raven called.

In the morning, the mother-in-law found the big salmon before her house. She called the Chief, her husband, and said,

"Look what my spirits have brought to me. Go and call the people of the village."

The young man slept all day. In the evening, he left and was gone all night. But he was home again before the raven called.

In the morning, the mother-in-law found two big salmon before her house. The young man whispered to his wife that it was he who had caught the salmon.

"But do not tell anyone what I have told you," he said.

Then the young man went to sleep and slept all day. The mother-in-law was very angry with him and called him Sleep Fellow. But the wife only smiled.

Now the mother-in-law began to be very proud of herself. She began to think that she was a shaman and could have anything that she wished. She wished for a halibut, which is a

fish larger than a salmon.

The next morning, a large halibut was in front of the mother-in-law's house. Now the woman was sure that she was a shaman.

The Chief had a dancing apron like the shaman wear made for his wife. He had rattles made and a mask carved like an animal.

The mother-in-law danced and shook her rattles. Then she asked the Food Spirit to bring her a sea lion. The young man heard her wish. The next morning, a dead sea lion was in front of the Chief's house. All the people had a feast.

At the feast, the mother-in-law put on her dancing apron and danced and danced. She told the Food Spirit to bring her a whale.

A whale is very large. The wife was afraid that something would happen to her husband if he tried to catch a whale. But he said,

"In the morning, listen for the raven. If you hear the raven before I come back, you will know that something has happened to me. If you find me, do not let the people take me out of the skin I wear. It is the monster's skin that is bringing us the good luck. Put the monster's skin by the hollow tree beside the lake."

Again the young man put on the monster's skin and went under the sea. He had a hard time catching a whale. It took him a long time to get the whale to the shore. The whale made a great noise.

Just then the raven called The young man was trying to get out of the monster's skin. His head was sticking out. But as the raven called, he died.

The people of the village rushed down to the shore. They saw the big whale on the shore. They thought they saw the monster with the young man's head sticking out of his mouth.

The Chief's daughter heard the raven call. She rushed down to the shore and saw her husband in the monster's skin.

"Oh, my husband, my husband," she cried.

"The monster has eaten her husband," everybody said.

But the wife said,

"My husband had killed the monster and was using his skin to get food for the people. He caught the fish, the sea lion, and

the whale. For my mother is not a shaman. The Food Spirit did not send her the food. All of it was caught by my husband."

Then she told them not to take her husband's body from the skin, but to carry him, in the skin, up to the lake. There they put the body near the hollow tree.

One evening, the wife went up to the lake. She heard her husband calling, "Come to the lake and get on my back." There in the lake, she saw the monster. She got on the back of the monster. She heard her husband's voice say,

"Hold tight."

The monster swam down under the lake with his beautiful wife. They now live in the bottom of the lake and often go down the river past the village to the sea. If anyone should see the monster or his wife, good luck will come to him.

The Woman Stolen by Killer-Whales

A man was out fishing and drying halibut, and his wife helped him. One day he felt something very heavy on his hook, and could not pull it up. He tied the line to the thwart of the canoe, and paddled ashore. With much trouble he managed to land the fish on the beach. He called on his wife to kill it quickly, and she despatched it with her knife. She cut it up and hung it up to dry, as is done with halibut. They did not know what kind of a fish it was. It was quite strange to them, but they thought it might be good food. When the woman had finished her work, she went to the edge of the water to wash her hands.

As soon as she put her hands into the water, something seized them and pulled her underneath the sea. She had been taken by the Killer-Whales, who had come to have revenge on the man for killing their friend.

The man followed the trail of his wife and her captors under the sea. He came to the house of the Fish chief, and asked him if he knew where his wife was. The chief said, "Yes, the Killer-Whales have taken her to be their slave." The man asked the chief if any fish of his company would care to help him get back his wife. The chief asked the fishes if any of them would volunteer, and Shark said he would go. Shark went ahead to Killer-Whale's house, and hid the man outside the door. He went in, and saw that the Killer-Whales were about to make their evening meal. Their chief said, "Make the fire blaze, that we may see well!" Shark was standing next to the fire. He jumped up quickly and put much wood on the fire, so that it blazed up. The chief then said, "Some one fetch water!" Shark

seized the buckets and ran out to draw water. As he came in and was passing the fire, he stumbled purposely, and upset the buckets in the fire, thus causing a dense cloud of ashes and steam to arise. Quickly he caught up the woman, pushed her out into the arms of her husband, who was waiting, and followed them. Shark kept in the rear, and said to the man, "Keep a-going! If they overtake us, I shall fight them." When the man and woman were nearly home, they looked back, and saw a severe fight in progress. Shark was fighting all the Killer-Whales, biting them with his sharp teeth, and tearing them with his rough skin.

The Empounded Water

Aglabem kept back all the water in the world; so that rivers stopped flowing, and lakes dried up, and the people everywhere began dying of thirst. As a last resort, they sent a messenger to him to ask him to give the people water; but he refused, and gave the messenger only a drink from the water in which he washed. But this was not enough to satisfy even the thirst of one. Then the people began complaining, some saying, "I'm as dry a a fish," "I'm as dry as a frog," "I'm as dry as a turtle," "I'm as dry as a beaver," and the like, as they were on the verge of dying of thirst.

At last a great man was sent to Aglabem to beg him to release the water for the people. Aglabem refused, saying that he needed it himself to lie in. Then the messenger felled a tree, so that it fell on top of the monster and killed him. The body of this tree became the main river (St. John's River), and the branches became the tributary branches of the river, while the leaves became the ponds at the heads of these streams. As the waters flowed down to the villages of the people again, they plunged in to drink, and became transformed into the animals to which they had likened themselves when formerly complaining of their thirst.

A Fish Story

Perhaps you think that fish were always fish, and never lived anywhere except in the water, but if you went to Australia and talked to the black people in the sandy desert in the center of the country, you would learn something quite different. They would tell you that long, long ago you would have met fish on the land, wandering from place to place, and hunting all sorts of animals, and if you consider how fish are made, you will understand how difficult this must have been and how clever they were to do it. Indeed, so clever were they that they might have been hunting still if a terrible thing had not happened.

One day the whole fish tribe came back very tired from a hunting expedition, and looked about for a nice cool spot in which to pitch their camp. It was very hot, and they thought that they could not find a more comfortable place than under the branches of a large tree by the bank of a river. So they made their fire to cook some food, right on the edge of a steep bank, which had a deep pool of water lying beneath it at the bottom. While the food was cooking they all stretched themselves lazily out under the tree, and were just dropping off to sleep when a big black cloud which they had never noticed spread over the sun, and heavy drops of rain began to fall, so that the fire was almost put out; and that, you know, is a very serious thing in savage countries where they have no matches, for it is very hard to light it again. To make matters worse, an icy wind began to blow, and the poor fish were chilled right through their bodies.

"This will never do," said Thuggai, the oldest of the fish tribe. "We shall die of cold unless we can light the fire again," and he bade his sons rub two sticks together in the hope of kindling a flame, but though they rubbed till they were tired, not a spark could they produce.

"Let *me* try," cried Biernuga, the bony fish, but he had no better luck, and no more had Kumbal, the bream, nor any of the rest.

"It is no use," exclaimed Thuggai, at last. "The wood is too wet. We must just sit and wait till the sun comes out again and dries it." Then a very little fish indeed, not more than four inches long and the youngest of the tribe, bowed himself before Thuggai, saying, "Ask my father, Guddhu the cod, to light the fire. He is skilled in magic more than most fish."So Thuggai asked him, and Guddhu stripped some pieces of bark off a tree, and placed them on top of the smouldering ashes. Then he knelt by the side of the fire and blew at it for a long while, till slowly the feeble red glow became a little stronger and the edges of the bark showed signs of curling up. When the rest of the tribe saw this they pressed close, keeping their backs towards the piercing wind, but Guddhu told them they must go to the other side, as he wanted the wind to fan his fire. By and by the spark grew into a flame, and a merry crackling was heard.

"More wood," cried Guddhu, and they all ran and gathered wood and heaped it on the flames, which leaped and roared and sputtered.

"We shall soon be warm now," said the people one to another. "Truly Guddhu is great"; and they crowded round again, closer and closer. Suddenly, with a shriek, a blast of wind swept down from the hills and blew the fire out towards them. They sprang back hurriedly, quite forgetting where they stood, and all fell down the bank, each tumbling over the other, till they rolled into the pool that lay below. Oh, how cold it was in the dark water on which the sun never shone! Then in an instant they felt warm again, for the fire, driven by the strong wind, had followed them right down to the bottom of the pool, where it burned as brightly as ever. And the fish gathered round it as they had done on the top of the cliff, and found the flames as hot as before, and that fire never went out, like those upon the land, but kept burning forever. So now you know why, if you dive deep down below the cold surface of the water on a frosty day, you will find it comfortable and pleasant underneath, and be quite sorry that you cannot stay there.

The Serpent's Bride

In the great wooded plains that lie between the mountains and the sea, there was once a most wonderful river. It was broad and deep, and its flow was outlined by great fig trees capped with white flowering thorns. You could always tell it from afar, in both summer and winter, for masses of evergreen foliage followed its many windings. The land through which it coursed was emerald green, and many herds of goats and sheep fed on the neighboring hills for the grass was sweet and good.

A powerful tribe had settled in this land, and on the side of a hill that sloped up from the riverbanks they had built a large city. There was plenty of wood and good water and all of the huts faced the morning sun. Because of this the mealie fields grew in abundance, extending as far down as the riverside.

The King of this tribe was the richest and most powerful man in the whole country, and his herds of cattle were a wonder to behold. Game was abundant, and the King who was a great hunter had decked his hut with many skins of lions and tigers.

Indeed, the King had only one trouble, but that was trouble enough. He and his people depended on the river for their daily supply of water, and every now and again that water would suddenly cease to flow. The entire river would dry up, and this seemed to happen at any time of the year without warning. Sometimes the dryness would last for weeks, and the women would be forced to travel several hours in order to get fresh water from a distant stream. No one in the tribe could explain why this odd thing happened to the river, but nevertheless it continued to plague them.

Even stranger than the dry river, however, was the fact that there was one Princess among them who could always fill her

calabash, no matter how dry the riverbed. She was the most beautiful of all the King's daughters; tall and graceful, with skin like flower petals and black eyes that danced like sun upon the water. Because she never went with her sisters to the river, no one knew where her water came from; everyone supposed that she had found some hidden pool that never quite dried up and that she did not wish to share this secret with them. Her name was Timba.

At the time of the story, the river had been flowing steadily for many months; the cornfields were in full ear, and the great tasseled mealies stood higher than a man's head. Every day all of the Princesses went down to the river to fetch water and to bathe in the great Red Pool. Only Timba went alone, but her sisters had long ceased to notice her love of solitude.

Then one day a strange thing happened. The morning was cool and fresh after a heavy thunderstorm and the tall grasses were drenched with raindrops. All of the maidens from the neighboring kraals came down to the river singing and laughing. There were tall, well-grown women and slender girls among them; and even little maids of five or six, each with a calabash on her head. They walked in single file, for the paths were narrow, and they shouted gaily to one another across the mealiefields. Only Timba remained silent as she walked behind her sisters; the last of the group.

At the riverside the women stopped abruptly, cries of dismay breaking from every mouth. For the bed of the stream was all but empty, and the rocks that could not usually be seen, now stood high and dry. In a few hours the little water that still remained would disappear in the heat of the summer sun. With heavy hearts the girls followed the course of the stream to learn if any clear water could still be had. But none was to be found.

When they returned home, their calabashes were only half full of water, and that was muddy. Only the Princess Timba's water was as clear as crystal, and her jar was so full that she had placed branches of the white-flowering thorn around its brim to prevent it from spilling over as she walked.

The King was disturbed to learn that the river had failed once again. He put all his greatest magicians to work, promising unheard of rewards to anyone who could bring

water back to the riverbed. Wisemen and rain doctors, from near and far, cast their magic spells; but though great storms arose and passed over the land, the riverbed remained empty, and even the deepest water holes dried up. Only Timba continued to reap water from the river; and as often as she went down, so often would she return with a brimming calabash crowned with green leaves and her eyes bright and full of mysterious joy.

Finally her sisters could allow her to entertain her secret no longer. "Where do you get your water?" they queried.

And Timba answered, "I get it from the great King of the Waters, who rules the river and all of the streams that run into it, yes, even the tiniest creeks. He is angry now, and that is why the river is empty."

Her sisters were more puzzled than before. None of them had ever heard of such a King.

In the meantime the winter was approaching. Nights were growing colder, and crops had to be gathered in. No rain would be falling now for many months, and the King and all his wise men knew that the riverbed would remain empty until spring. The tribe was in great trouble, for they and their cattle would surely die of thirst during the long dry season. Imagine their amazement then when one morning they found the river filled to overflowing, as if it were the season of summer floods. And yet no rain had fallen in the entire country. The people did not understand; they could only rejoice in their wonderment. On that same day the beautiful Princess came running up from the river, laughing and singing as she called her sisters together.

"What is it? Tell us your news," they begged, for they saw that something exciting had happened.

"My dear sisters, I am going to be married!" said Timba joyfully.

"But to whom?" they asked. "No suitor has been here for months."

"To the great King of the Waters," she answered with pride.

"Who is he?" cried her sisters, "and where does he live? It must be very distant from here, for no one else has ever spoken of him."

Yet now Timba ceased to speak. To all other questions she

only nodded her head mysteriously and muttered, "Only I can know."

That same evening as the sun was setting, she slipped out of the kraal and started toward the riverbank. The little path was beaten down as hard and as firm as the floor of a hut, for the mealies had long been gathered and no rain had fallen for a good long time. She passed the Red Pool, which was now full of water from one end to the other, and following the course of the river for half an hour or more, came at last to a great white thorn tree surrounded by a tangle of creepers and flowering shrubs. There she rested for a moment and then forced her way through the overhanging branches until she reached the water's edge. Standing there knee-deep among green lily pads, she looked out on a wide expanse of water. It was still and dark and very deep, and the current was barely visible on its smooth surface. A tiny crescent moon was hanging in the West, and its reflection quivered silver into the stream.

As Timba watched and waited, a sudden ripple broke toward the bank, spewing forth the head of a great serpent. All that could be seen was a deep, soft black, except for two red circles round his glittering eyes. He swam straight to the Princess, and she moved forward quickly and greeted him eagerly. Reaching the bank at last, he coiled himself beside her and his eyes shone with joy.

"Let us not wait any longer," he begged her. "Start making the preparations for our marriage. As midwinter approaches I will cause the river to rise twice in full flood, and then you will know that I am waiting for you.

And so until the little moon sank down and all the stars came out, they continued to sit and talk. Only then did the serpent rise up and swim down the stream, his head held high and his huge length extending far behind it.

This, then, was the King of Waters who ruled the whole length of the great river. It was he who had courted the Princess both evenings and mornings as she came to fetch water. Now Timba stood watching him until he was out of sight, and then she returned to her home.

On the very next day Timba and all of her companions began to get ready for the wedding. Some of them wove mats out of golden-colored grasses: mats for sitting on and mats for

grinding corn on, lest some of the meal fall on the ground and be wasted. Then there were the long mats made of bulrushes for sleeping on, which were only brought out at night. Other girls took lengths of thin cloth, bought from distant traders along the coast in exchange for ivory and horn, and these they fringed with strings of many colored beads. They were the cloaks for the bride, and as graceful and pretty as any dresses you could wish to see. Finally there were girdles to be made of colored beads, and many necklaces and dainty ornaments fashioned with twisted wire. After all Timba was a Princess and she was going to marry a King!

All these preparations took much time, and because it was winter, the days for working were short. For several weeks Timba had not had time to see her lover or even to go down to the river for that matter. But, one morning, when the days were at their shortest, a young man came running in from hunting rabbits, shouting that the river was in full flood. Timba's heart pounded in her chest, for this was the first of the promised signs. She worked still harder now, and she hurried her maidens along, for she knew that only a few days remained before the second sign would appear.

At last all was ready, and the Princess started down to the river. The first flood had passed, and she walked slowly, searching the river to see if there were any signs of the second. Suddenly she heard a whistling call.

"Ping! Ping! Ping!"

She recognized the call of her bridegroom, but he was nowhere to be seen. She looked up the river once more, and this time she noticed that the stream was widening. Every moment it became fuller; great boulders that had been high and dry only a minute before were already half covered, and a dull roar could be heard from the distance. Now Timba knew for sure that the King of the Waters awaited his bride. Running home she sought out her bridesmaids.

"Come quickly," she begged them, "and bring along everything that we have made, but do not let anyone see us. The great King of the Waters is waiting for me at the river."

The bridesmaids ran hither and thither collecting all the pretty things that they had made, while the bride arranged herself for the marriage. In the Shangani country a bride wears

a cotton cloth. Timba's wedding skirt was striped in red and blue. It reached to her knees, and above it she added a beautiful girdle of beads. Reaching for a cloak of dark blue cloth that was heavily fringed in red and white, she knotted it upon her left shoulder. This cloth was very thin and it hung in folds, revealing her graceful form. Last of all she placed beautiful beaded necklaces around her neck, and then covered her arms with bracelets, cunningly woven of shining brass and copper wires. When she was all finished dressing, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to find a more lovely sight.

Carrying all of their handiwork, the maidens gathered together to start down hidden paths to the river. Not a word did they speak to anyone. When they reached the water, they stopped and called to one another in astonishment, for the river was in full flood, over half a mile wide. Great trunks of trees swept past in wild disorder, their branches tossing on the yellow waters. Now and then a dead buck floated by, and always huge boulders swept past amid a deafening roar. The girls hurried on to the Black Pool, where the water had already reached the lower branches of the great thorn tree. There they found that the sky overhead was surprisingly clear and cloudless.

"Never have I seen such a flood," said one. "Surely the river must be bewitched."

"There has been no rain for three months," cried another; "where can the waters have come from?"

They all turned to Timba for an answer, but she offered them none. Instead she commanded them, "Leave everything here and return to your homes, but tell them nothing about this at the kraal!"

No sooner were the bridesmaids out of sight, than the serpent King lifted his great flat head from the water. As the Princess watched him, he grew taller and taller, until at last he stood upon his tail, towering above her. His head reached the top of the tallest tree, and his body stood straight like a shining black pillar. Fixing his bright eyes upon her, he said, "You must never be afraid of me, no matter what I do."

"I promise never to be frightened of you," she replied.

"Are you quite sure of that?" he asked her again.

"Quite sure," she answered firmly.

Satisfied, the serpent descended again and coiled himself beside her.

"And now," he said, "what of the lobola? I must send that to your father or the marriage will not be complete. "

"Send the gift to the great cattle kraal," offered Timba. "When they see the oxen, they will understand that my marriage gift has come."

That very night he sent the cattle, and at daybreak it caused a great commotion in the city. The Princess had disappeared, and the air was full of strange bellowings, which came from the cattle kraal in the center of town. One hundred splendid oxen were discovered there; finer than anyone had ever seen. But strangely enough, not one person had seen the cattle arriving, and there was no trace of a herdsman. For many a long day, everyone talked about these mysterious doings.

In the meantime the Princess waited for the serpent. Darkness had fallen early, and for some time only the stars could be seen in the clear sky. Then slowly the wonderful winter moon rose into the heavens. At that very moment the King of the Waters raised his head from the pool and darted toward his bride.

"The lobola is paid!" he cried. "Come, let us be off together!"

Then Timba arose, and the serpent lifted her onto his back. She placed her arms around his neck and together they swam down the river, under the light of the great white moon. They passed the silent kraals and the empty fields, and then they came to wide silvery plains stretching out as far as the eye could see. The river flowed on without a sound, and in all that time the King of the Waters neither spoke nor even turned his head.

As the dawn appeared, they reached the borders of a forest, where the bush was so thick that no one could hope to pierce it. The great serpent then brought his bride to the river bank and set her down gently.

"Now remember what you have promised," he reminded her. "You must never be afraid."

Then he disappeared without another word. All that day Timba waited alone, and as night approached there was still no sign of her King. Shuddering, she listened to the cries of wild

beasts in search of prey, for she knew that there were wolves and lions close by. Fortunately, nothing bothered her and at dawn all of the strange sounds ceased. Now it was another day and she was still alone, thinking with terror of the approaching night. It was with enormous relief then that at moonrise she saw her bridegroom appear to her once again.

For the second time he took the Princess on his back and they swam down the river, the dark forest on either side. Journeying thus in silence, many hours passed, but at dawn they were still in the heart of the forest. The trees were the tallest that Timba had ever seen, and great festoons of creepers hung from their bough. Then, unannounced, just as the sun was rising, the river opened out into a wide, still pool, surrounded by walls of dazzling white. Banks of glittering sand shone at the shore, and in every nook and cranny grew the loveliest of ferns in their wide shady fronds lining the water's edge. As if this was not enough, a host of green lily pads pushed out from the shore to frame the center of the pool. Its water lay clear and placid as a mirror, reflecting the dazzling blue of winter sky. Timba held her breath, for she had never witnessed such beauty before and she longed to alight and rest among the ferns in the bright sunshine. But the King did not linger; he swam forward to the center of the pool. There one could see to the very depths of the water, for the pool was like the clearest crystal, right down to its sandy bottom.

"Follow me," the serpent directed Timba. He paused in the center of the pool, and then immediately glided under the water with the Princess following right behind. Opening her eyes, she found that they were far below in the depths of the water where the light was rather dim and at first she could see nothing but the waving stems of the water lilies. But she soon discovered that she was standing in front of a group of most beautiful huts. The King led her to the largest one, bidding her enter, and inside, strangely enough, it was quite dry and comfortable. Even more remarkable was the fact that the pretty things she and her sisters had brought to the riverbank were already in the hut; each in its proper place.

Timba was very hungry by now and longed to ask for food, but she dared not say a thing. As if he understood, the great serpent spoke before he left: "Food will appear whenever you

should desire it. I will return in the evening. Shut the door, but leave a little hole in the side of the hut, large enough for me to creep through."

And just as her bridegroom had promised, Timba found a delicious meal all ready to eat in the beautiful little pots. It tasted good after the long night's journey; but once she had eaten, there was nothing else to do, and she became bored and lonely. The day passed slowly and as night drew near, it became darker and colder. She lit a fire and shut the door, but remembered to leave a little opening as she had promised. Then she lay down to rest, tired and puzzled by her bridegroom's strange behavior. She was just falling asleep when she heard a snake's scales rustling against the outside of the hut, and for the first time, Timba felt fear. Sitting up she saw his head appear at the litle hole, his eyes flickering in the light of the dying fire. He entered and glided toward her . First he touched her feet, then her knees, and then passed right over her head, in absolute silence. Having done this, he turned around and slithered out through the same opening in the hut.

The next day the Princess was alone again; and when at nightfall she tried to sleep, she found that sleep was impossible. For hours she lay awake, tending the fire and watching the dark hole in the wall. Close to midnight she heard the rustling of reeds outside, and she began to tremble; but she forced herself to lie quite still and not to utter a sound. The serpent entered as before, laid his head on her feet and her knees, and again glided over her; then he left the hut without a word.

After the serpent had departed, the Princess breathed freely once more, and she tried to relax so that sleep would overtake her. The next morning found her still alone, but as the day edged toward evening she became more troubled and upset.

"Must I spend the rest of my days here?" she asked herself. "Must I always live in this cold dark place, far away from the warmth of the sun? Surely I shall die here before seeing my sisters again." And with this she began to think of her former life. She remembered the many times that she had met her lover among the tall lilies and of all the kindnesses he had shown her.

"No," she cautioned herself. "I must not despair. He will do

me no harm; I must keep my promise and not become fearful."

As night fell, once again she lay down in the hut by the wood fire and gazed at the opening in the wall. Hour after hour she remained, listening for the familiar rustling sound; but it did not come. Finally her head began to ache and she was almost sick with fear; sleep was almost impossible.

Starting up she threw her last bundle of sticks on the little fire to lessen the cold, and she prayed that the dawn would come soon. The flames leaped up for the last time, and at that very moment a faint sound could be heard outside the hut. The King of the Waters had just arrived, and as he entered the hut, his huge flat head was held erect and his eyes were aflame. Timba came very close to screaming, but she clenched her fists to keep herself quiet. The serpent did as he always did, touching her feet, then her knees and last of all her head. Then he glided through the hole into the darkness.

Closing her eyes, the Princess lay back exhausted. As she did, a light breeze caressed her face and she looked up to see what it might be. To her amazement she found that she was no longer in the hut at the bottom of the pool! Somehow she had been brought to the world above, and before her stretched the enchanted pool radiant and dazzling in the early morning sun.

Her eyes searched everywhere for the serpent, but he had vanished entirely, and was nowhere to be seen. Instead she was surprised to see a magnificent man, strikingly handsome, standing on the bank of the pool. A man in the prime of his life, very powerful and so tall that she had to crane her head far back to study him. Glossy leopard skins hung from his broad black shoulders and round his waist were jackal skins fringed with the tails of the mountain cat. On his arms and at his knees were bracelets of white oxtails, and in his hand he held a great staff that was beautifully carved. This was a very special great Chief indeed, and his handsome appearance left Timba speechless. However, one thing did seem familiar to her: his eyes, which were very bright and piercing.

The Princess continued to gaze at him in wonderment. He smiled at her.

"You are astonished, and I can well understand," he said. "Yes, I am the serpent, the great King of the Waters. Many years ago my human form was removed by a wicked magician. This

magician belonged to a King who hated my father and wished to cause him grief. Knowing of my father's love for me, he turned me into a serpent and decreed that my only kingdom would be in the waters. I could never become a man again until I should find a bride who would not fear me.

"At last I met you, dearest Timba, and now once again, I am a man. Sadly, my father has long been dead and my name is forgotten, so we must seek men and cattle and make a new kingdom for ourselves. My staff will help us, for it has magic powers and I have only to hold it firmly to be victorious over the most powerful enemy. Let us rest here for a while and then we shall go forth together to seek out good fortune."

And that is how the Princess Timba reaped a mighty reward for being courageous. She became a great Queen, both loved and renowned throughout her kingdom, and she lived in great happiness with her beloved King.

The Marriage of the Rain

In the far off days of the beginning of the world the tribes of men living in the bush had not yet any chiefs or kings. The animals, who were the owners of the land, leased them fields to cultivate their millet and maize.

A fisherman's village on the lagoon was the first place to have a prince. The Sea, who had fallen in love with a black girl, married her and had a son by her.

In the high ranges of Guinea the Mountain married a man and their child was the first of the line of chiefs to rule the vast country of Guinea.

Another wonderful betrothal was that of the Rain and a blacksmith's son. All the bush was invited to the feasting and dancing. The Rain came down from the storm clouds drawn by the horses of the Wind.

It was a magnificent ceremony. The white-winged horses of the Wind, richly caparisoned, formed a circle around the dancing sorcerer whose gesticulating and leaping became wilder and wilder as the devilish music of the tom-toms drove him on. The noisy rhythm--dull resonance of skin drums, shrill, thin notes of flutes, fine drops of sound from the *balafons* spilling like rain, rowdy bean-rattles on wrists and ankles, and cymbals--everything that seves to make joy express itself in dancing in Black Africa was attuned to the girls' voices and the old women's clapping hands.

The chief sorcerer sent the great din wafting up to the sky in waves with every upward fling of his flailing arms. Never had such a feast been seen in the blacksmith's village.

Beyond where the men and women were dancing, the animals of the forest and savannah stood around the marriage field and watched.

The Rain whirled over the fields and drummed through the leaves of the great forest trees. Then, suddenly, there was no more than a round shower in the center of the circle of the Wind's horses.

At that moment the master of the sorcerers brought a little calabash out on to the sand and the Rain dwindled to a single stream, a pretty column of clear water, which fell into the wooden vessel in fine drops.

"A child of men is about to marry the Rain," cried the chief sorcerer.

He stretched his arm up into the air with the calabash containing the Rain and in front of the young man who stood there with his eyes closed he poured out a sheet of liquid, the bride with the hair of Rain. And just as the first drop touched the soil a delicate foot appeared, then a slender leg, two legs, a body, arms. . . And a transparent woman, clear as glass, stood on the sand, her beautiful face framed in hair that was waves of water continually streaming over her shoulders.

The dancing lasted all night. The blacksmith's son and his queen were given presents from the bush and the animals: fruit, flowers, beads of all colours, and birds' songs.

When morning came, the horses of the Wind carried off the Water Bride and her prince into the sky. The drums fell silent. The men went back to their huts and the beasts to the bush.

61

The Golden-Headed Fish

Once upon a time there lived in Egypt a king who lost his sight from a bad illness. Of course he was very unhappy, and became more so as months passed, and all the best doctors in the land were unable to cure him. The poor man grew so thin from misery that everyone thought he was going to die, and the prince, his only son, thought so too.

Great was therefore the rejoicing through Egypt when a traveller arrived in a boat down the river Nile, and after questioning the people as to the reason of their downcast looks, declared that he was court physician to the king of a far country, and would, if allowed, examine the eyes of the blind man. He was at once admitted into the royal presence, and after a few minutes of careful study announced that the case, though very serious, was not quite hopeless.

"Somewhere in the Great Sea," he said, "there exists a Golden-Headed Fish. If you can manage to catch this creature, bring it to me, and I will prepare an ointment from its blood which will restore your sight. For a hundred days I will wait here, but if at the end of that time the fish should still be uncaught, I must return to my own master."

The next morning the young prince set forth in quest of the fish, taking with him a hundred men, each man carrying a net. Quite a little fleet of boats was awaiting them and in these they sailed to the middle of the Great Sea. During three months they labored diligently from sunrise to sunset, but though they caught large multitudes of fishes, not one of them had a golden head.

"It is quite useless now," said the prince on the very last night. "Even if we find it this evening, the hundred days will be over in an hour, and long before we could reach the Egyptian capital the doctor will be on his way home. Still, I will go out

again, and cast the net once more myself." And so he did, and at the very moment that the hundred days were up, he drew in the net with the Golden-headed Fish entangled in its meshes.

"Success has come, but, as happens often, it is too late," murmured the young man, who had studied in the schools of philosophy; "but, all the same, put the fish in that vessel full of water, and we will take it back to show my father that we have done what we could." But when he drew near the fish it looked up at him with such piteous eyes that he could not make up his mind to condemn it to death. For he knew well that, though the doctors of his own country were ignorant of the secret of the ointment, they would do all in their power to extract something from the fish's blood. So he picked up the prize of so much labor, and threw it back into the sea, and then began his journey back to the palace. When at last he reached it he found the king in a high fever, caused by his disappointment, and he refused to believe the story told him by his son.

"Your head shall pay for it! Your head shall pay for it!" cried he; and bade the courtiers instantly summon the executioner to the palace.

But of course somebody ran at once to the queen, and told her of the king's order, and she put common clothes on the prince, and filled his pockets with gold, and hurried him on board a ship which was sailing that night for a distant island.

"Your father will repent some day, and then he will be thankful to know you are alive," said she. "But one last counsel will I give you, and that is, take no man into your service who desires to be paid every month."

The young prince thought this advice rather odd. If the servant had to be paid anyhow, he did not understand what difference it could make whether it was by the year or by the month. However, he had many times proved that his mother was wiser than he, so he promised obedience.

After a voyage of several weeks, he arrived at the island of which his mother had spoken. It was full of hills and woods and flowers, and beautiful white houses stood everywhere in gardens.

"What a charming spot to live in," thought the prince. And he lost no time in buying one of the prettiest of the dwellings.

Then servants came pressing to offer their services; but as

they all declared that they must have payment at the end of every month, the young man, who remembered his mother's words, declined to have anything to say to them. At length, one morning, an Arab appeared and begged that the prince would engage him.

"And what wages do you ask?" inquired the prince, when he had questioned the new-comer and found him suitable.

"I do not want money," answered the Arab; "at the end of a year you can see what my services are worth to you, and can pay me in any way you like." And the young man was pleased, and took the Arab for his servant.

Now, although no one would have guessed it from the look of the side of the island where the prince had landed, the other part was a complete desert, owing to the ravages of a horrible monster which came up from the sea, and devoured all the corn and cattle. The governor had sent bands of soldiers to lie in wait for the creature in order to kill it; but, somehow, no one ever happened to be awake at the moment that the ravages were committed. In vain the sleepy soldiers were always punished severely--the same thing invaribly occurred next time; and at last heralds were sent throughout the island to offer a great reward to the man who could slay the monster.

As soon as the Arab heard the news, he went straight to the governor's palace.

"If my master can succeed in killing the monster, what reward will you give him?" asked he.

"My daughter and anything besides that he chooses," answered the governor. But the Arab shook his head.

"Give him your daughter and keep your wealth," said he; but henceforward, let her share in your gains, whatever they are."

"It is well," replied the governor; and ordered a deed to be prepared, which was signed by both of them.

That night the Arab stole down to the shore to watch, but, before he set out, he rubbed himself all over with some oil which made his skin smart so badly that there was no chance of *his* going to sleep as the soldiers had done. Then he hid himself behind a large rock and waited. By-and-by a swell seemed to rise on the water, and, a few minutes later, a hideous monster--part bird, part beast, and part serpent--stepped noiselessly on to the rocks. It walked stealthily up towards the field, but the

Arab was ready for it, and, as it passed, plunged his dagger into the soft part behind the ear. The creature staggered and gave a loud cry, and then rolled over dead, with its feet in the sea.

The Arab watched for a little while, in order to make sure that there was not life left in his enemy, but as the huge body remained quite still, he quitted his hiding-place, and cut off the ears of his foe. These he carried to his master, bidding him show them to the governor, and declare that he himself, and no other, had killed the monster.

"But it was you, and not I, who slew him," objected the prince.

"Never mind; do as I bid you. I have a reason for it," answered the Arab. And though the young man did not like taking credit for what he had never done, at length he gave in.

The governor was so delighted at the news that he begged the prince to take his daughter to wife that very day; but the prince refused, saying that all he desired was a ship which would carry him to see the world. Of course this was granted him at once, and when he and his faithful Arab embarked they found, heaped up in the vessel, stores of diamonds and precious stones, which the grateful governor had secretly placed there.

So they sailed, and they sailed; and at length they reached the shores of a great kingdom. Leaving the prince on board, the Arab went into the town to find out what sort of a place it was. After some hours he returned, saying that he heard that the king's daughter was the most beautiful princess in the world, and that the prince would do well to ask for her hand.

Nothing lost, the prince listened to this advice, and taking some of the finest necklaces in his hand, he mounted a splendid horse which the Arab had bought for him, and rode up to the palace, closely followed by his faithful attendant.

The strange king happened to be in a good humour, and they were readily admitted to his presence. Laying down his offerings on the steps of the throne, he prayed the king to grant him his daughter in marriage.

The monarch listened to him in silence; but answered, after a pause:

"Young man, I will give you my daughter to wife, if that is your wish; but first I must tell you that she has already gone

through the marriage ceremony with a hundred and ninety young men, and not one of them lived for twelve hours after. So think, while there is yet time."

The prince *did* think, and was so frightened that he very nearly went back to his ship without any more words. But just as he was about to withdraw his proposal the Arab whispered:

"Fear nothing, but take her."

"The luck must change sometime," he said, at last; "and who would not risk his head for the hand of such a peerless princess?"

"As you will," replied the king. "Then I will give orders that the marriage shall be celebrated tonight."

And so it was done; and after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom retired to their own apartments to sup by themselves, for such was the custom of the country. The moon shone bright, and the prince walked to the window to look out upon the river and upon the distant hills, when his gaze suddenly fell on a silken shroud neatly laid out on a couch, with his name embroidered in gold thread across the front; for this also was the pleasure of the king.

Horrified at the spectacle, he turned his head away, and this time his glance rested on a group of men, digging busily beneath the window. It was a strange hour for anyone to be at work, and what was the hole for? It was a curious shape, so long and narrow, almost like--Ah! yes, that was what it was! It was *his* grave that they were digging!

The shock of the discovery rendered him speechless, yet he stood fascinated and unable to move. At this moment a small black snake darted from the mouth of the princess, who was seated at the table, and wriggled quickly towards him. But the Arab was watching for something of the sort to happen, and seizing the serpent with some pincers that he held in one hand, he cut off its head with a sharp dagger.

The king could hardly believe his eyes when, early next morning, his new son-in-law craved an audience of his Majesty.

"What, you?" he cried, as the young man entered.

"Yes, I. Why not?" asked the bridegroom, who thought it best to pretend not to know anything that had occurred. "You remember, I told you that the luck must turn at last, and so it has. But I came to ask whether you would be so kind as to bid

the gardeners fill up a great hole right underneath my window, which spoils the view."

"Oh! certainly, yes; of course it shall be done!" stammered the king. "Is there anything else?"

"No, nothing, thank you," replied the prince, as he bowed and withdrew.

Now, from the moment that the Arab cut off the snake's head, the spell, or whatever it was, seemed to have been taken off the princess, and she lived very happily with her husband. The days passed swiftly in hunting in the forests, or sailing on the broad river that flowed past the palace, and when night fell she would sing to her harp, or the prince would tell her tales of his own country.

One evening a man in a strange garb, with a face burnt brown by the sun, arrived at court. He asked to see the bridegroom, and falling on his face announced that he was a messenger sent by the Queen of Egypt, proclaiming him king in succession to his father, who was dead.

"Her Majesty begs you will set off without delay, and your bride also, as the affairs of the kingdom are somewhat in disorder," ended the messenger.

Then the young man hastened to seek an audience of his father-in-law, who was delighted to find that his daughter's husband was not merely the governor of a province, as he had supposed, but the king of a powerful country. He at once ordered a splendid ship to be made ready, and in a week's time rode down to the harbour, to bid farewell to the young couple.

In spite of her grief for the dead king, the queen was overjoyed to welcome her son home, and commanded the palace to be hung with splendid stuffs to do honour to the bride. The people expected great things from their new sovereign, for they suffered much from the harsh rule of the old one, and crowds presented themselves every morning with petitions in their hands, which they hoped to persuade the king to grant. Truly, he had enough to keep him busy; but he was very happy for all that, till one night, the Arab came to him, and begged permission to return to his own land.

Filled with dismay the young man said; "Leave me! Do you really wish to leave me?" Sadly the Arab bowed his head.

"No, my master, never could I wish to leave you! But I have

received a summons, and I dare not disobey it."

The king was silent, trying to choke down the grief he felt at the thought of losing his faithful servant.

"Well, I must not try to keep you," he faltered out at last. "That would be a poor return for all that you have done for me! Everything I have is yours: take what you will, for without you I should long ago have been dead!"

"And without *you*, *I* should long ago have been dead," answered the Arab. "*I* am the Golden-Headed Fish."

The Flying Ship

nce upon a time there lived an old couple who had three sons. The elder two were clever, but the third was a real dunce. The clever sons were very fond of their mother, bought her fine clothes, and always spoke pleasantly to her, but the youngest was always getting in her way, and she had no patience with him. Now one day it was announced in the village that the king had issued a decree offering his daughter, the princess, in marriage to whoever would build a ship that could fly. Immediately the two elder brothers determined to try their luck, and asked their parents' blessing. So the old mother got their clothes ready and gave them a store of provinces for their journey, not forgetting to add a bottle of brandy. When they had gone, poor Simpleton began to tease his mother to provision him as well and let him go, too.

"What would become of a dolt like you?" she answered. "Why, you would be eaten up by the wolves."

But the foolish youth kept repeating, "I will go, I will go, I will go!"

Seeing that she could do nothing with him, the mother gave him a crust of bread and a bottle of water, and took no further heed of him.

The simpleton set off on his way. When he had gone a short distance he met a little old mannikin. They greeted each other, and the mannikin asked him where he was going.

"I am off to the king's court," he answered. "He has promised to give his daughter to whoever can make a flying ship."

"And can you make such a ship?"

"Not I."

"Then why in the world are you going?"

"Can't tell," replied Simpleton.

"Well, if that is the case," said the mannikin, "sit down beside me. We can rest for a little while and have something to eat. Give me what you have in your satchel."

Now the poor simpleton was ashamed to show what was in it. He thought it best not to make a fuss, however, and so he opened the satchel and could scarcely believe his own eyes, for, instead of the hard crust, there were two beautiful fresh rolls and some cold meat. He shared them with the mannikin, who licked his lips and said, "Now, go into that wood and stop in front of the first tree, bow three times, and then strike the tree with your ax and fall on your knees to the ground with your face on the earth. Remain there till you are raised up. You will find a ship at your side. Step into it and fly to the king's palace. If you meet anyone on the way, take him with you."

Simpleton thanked the mannikin very kindly, bade him farewell, and went into the road. When he got to the first tree, he stopped in front of it, did everything just as he had been told, and kneeling on the ground with his face to the earth, he fell asleep. After a little time he awoke. Rubbing his eyes, he saw a ready-made ship at his side, and at once got into it. The ship rose and rose, and soon was flying through the air. Simpleton, who was on the lookout, cast his eyes down to earth and saw a man beneath him on the road, who was kneeling with his ear upon the damp ground.

"Hallo!" he called out. "What are you doing down there?"

"I am listening to what is going on in the world," replied the man.

"Come with me in my ship," said Simpleton.

The man was only too glad to do so. He got in and the ship flew and flew and flew through the air, until again from his lookout Simpleton saw a man on the road below. This man was hopping on one leg, with his other leg tied up behind his ear.

Simpleton hailed him. "Hallo! what are you doing, hopping on one leg?"

"I can't help it," the man replied. "I walk so fast that unless I tied up one leg I'd be at the end of the earth in a bound."

"Come with us on my ship," Simpleton answered.

The man made no objections and joined them, and the ship flew on and on and on until suddenly Simpleton, looking down

on the road below, beheld a third man, who was aiming with a gun into the distance.

"Hallo!" Simpleton shouted. "What are you aiming at? As far as eye can see, there is no bird in sight."

"What would be the good of my taking a near shot?" replied the man. "I can hit beast or bird at a hundred miles' distance. That is the kind of shot I enjoy."

"Come into the ship with us," answered Simpleton.

The man was only too glad to join them. He got in and the ship flew on, farther and farther, until again Simpleton from his lookout saw a man on the road below, carrying on his back a basketful of bread.

He waved to him. "Hallo! Where are you going?"

"To fetch bread for my breakfast."

"Bread? Why, you have a whole basket load of it on your back."

"That's nothing," answered the man. "I can finish that in one mouthful."

"Then come along with us in my ship."

The glutton joined the party, and the ship rose again into that air, and flew up and onward until Simpleton from his lookout saw a man walking by the shore of a great lake, evidently searching for something.

"Hallo!" he cried. "What are you seeking?"

"I want water to drink, I'm thirsty," replied the man.

"Well, there's a whole lake in front of you. Why don't you drink some of that?"

"Do you call that enough?" answered the other. "Why, I could drink it up in one gulp."

"Well, come with us in the ship."

The mighty drinker was added to the company, and the ship flew farther and even farther, until again Simpleton looked out; and this time he saw a man dragging a bundle of wood and walking through the forest beneath them.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Why are you carrying wood through a forest?"

"This is not ordinary wood," answered the other.

"What sort of wood is it, then?" answered Simpleton.

"If you throw it upon the ground," said the man, "it will be

changed into an army of soldiers.

"Then come into the ship with us."

He too joined them, and away the ship flew, on and on and on.

Once more Simpleton looked out, and this time he saw a man carrying straw on his back.

"Hallo!" Where are you carrying that straw?"

"To the village," said the man.

"Do you mean to say there is no straw in the village?"

"Ah,but this is a peculiar straw. If you strew it about, even on the hottest summer day, the air at once becomes cold, and snow falls, and the people freeze."

Of course Simpleton asked him also to join them.

At last the ship with its strange crew arrived at the king's court. The king was having his dinner, but at once he despatched one of his courtiers to find out what the huge, strange new bird could be that had come flying through the air. The courtier peeped into the ship and instantly went back to the king and told him that it was a flying ship manned by a few peasants.

Then the king remembered his royal oath, but he made up his mind that he would never let the princess marry a poor peasant. He thought and thought of how to break his oath, and then said to himself, "I will give him some impossible tasks to perform. That will be the best way of getting rid of him."

There and then he decided to send a courtier to Simpleton with the command that he fetch the king the healing water from the world's end before he had finished his dinner.

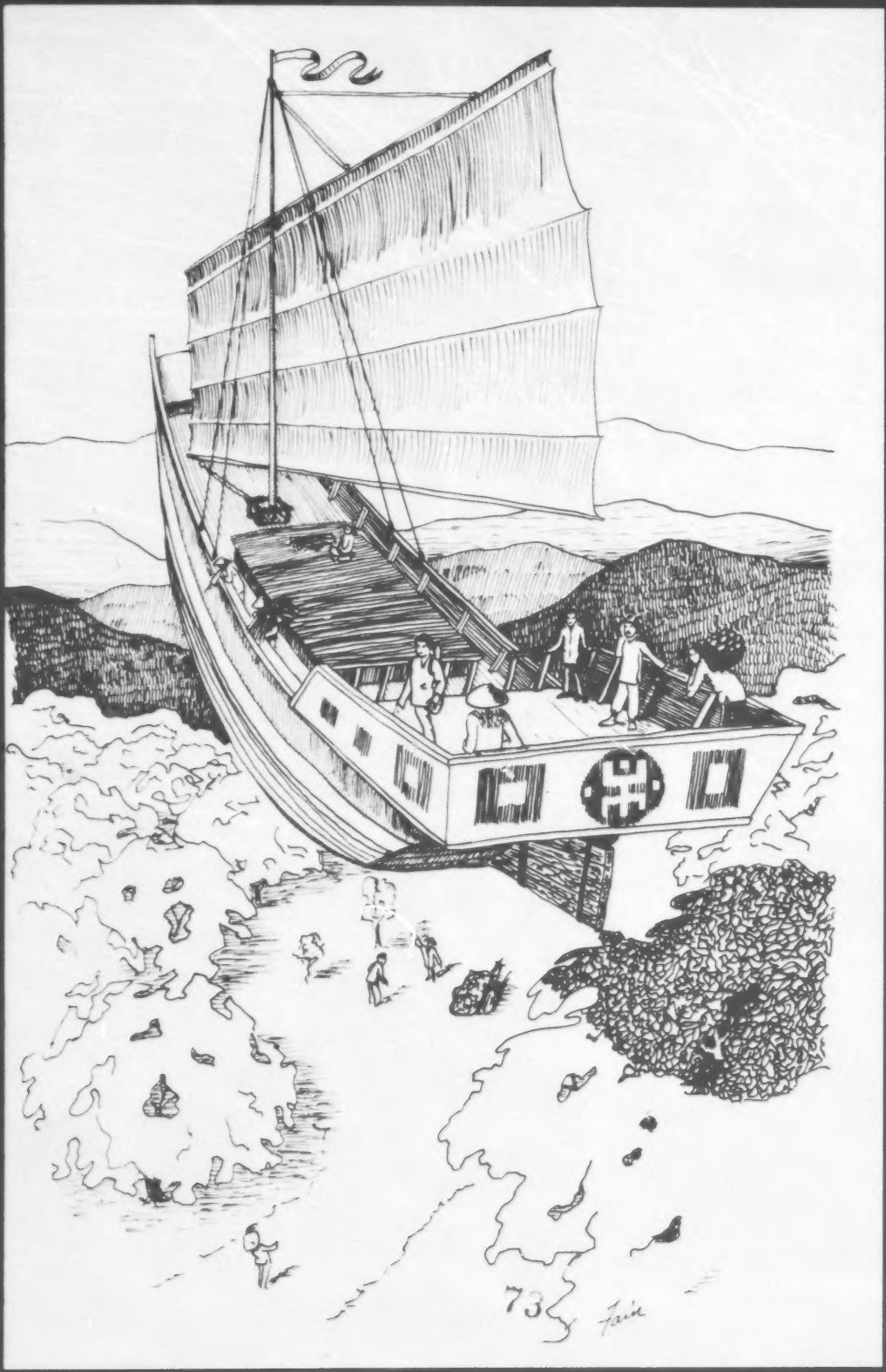
While the king was still instructing the courtier in exactly what he was to say, the first man of the ship's company, the one with the miraculous power of hearing, overheard the king's words and at once reported them to poor Simpleton.

"Alas, alas!" cried Simpleton. "What am I to do now? It would take me at least a year, possibly my whole life, to find the water."

"Never fear," said his fleet-footed comrade. "I will fetch what the king wants."

Just then the courtier arrived bearing the king's command.

"Tell His Majesty," said Simpleton, "that his orders shall be obeyed."


73

Forthwith the swift runner unbound the foot that was strung up behind his ear and started off, and in less than no time had reached the world's end and drawn the healing water from the well.

"Dear me," he thought to himself, "this is rather tiring! I'll just rest for a few minutes. It will be some little time yet before the king has got to dessert."

He threw himself down on the grass, and, as the sun was very dazzling, he closed his eyes and in a few seconds had fallen sound asleep.

In the meantime all the ship's crew were anxiously awaiting him. The king's dinner would soon be finished and their comrade had not yet returned. So the man with the marvelously quick hearing lay down, put his ear to the ground and listened.

"That's a nice sort of fellow!" he suddenly exclaimed. "He's lying on the ground, snoring hard!"

At this the marksman seized his gun, took aim and fired in the direction of the world's end, in order to awaken the sluggard. A moment later the swift runner reappeared and, stepping on board the ship, handed the healing water to Simpleton. While the king was still sitting at the table finishing his dinner, he heard the news that his orders had been obeyed to the letter.

What was to be done now? The king determined to think of a still more impossible task. So he told another courtier to go to Simpleton with the command that he and his comrades were instantly to eat up twelve oxen and twelve tons of bread. Once more the sharp-eared comrade overheard the king's words while he was still talking to the courtier, and he reported them to Simpleton.

"Alas, alas!" poor Simpleton sighed. "What in the world shall I do? Why, it would take us a year, possibly our whole lives, to eat up twelve oxen and twelve tons of bread."

"Never fear," said the glutton. "It will scarcely be enough for me, I'm so hungry."

When the courtier arrived with the royal message, he was told to take back word to the king that his orders would be obeyed. Then twelve roasted oxen and twelve tons of bread were brought alongside the ship, and at one sitting the glutton

74

devoured it all.

"I call that a small meal," he said. "I wish they'd brought me some more."

Next, the king commanded that forty casks of wine, each containing forty gallons, were to be drunk up on the spot by Simpleton and his party. When the sharp-eared comrade overheard these words and repeated them to Simpleton, he was in despair.

"Alas, alas!" he exclaimed. "What is to be done? It would take us a year, possibly our whole lives, to drink so much."

"Never fear," said his thirsty comrade. "I'll drink it up at a gulp, see if I don't."

Sure enough, when the forty casks of wine containing forty gallons each were brought alongside the ship, they disappeared down the thirsty comrade's throat in no time. When the casks were empty he remarked, "Why, I'm still thirsty. I'd have been glad to have had more."

Then the king took counsel with himself and sent an order to Simpleton that he was to have a bath in a bathroom at the royal palace, and after that the betrothal should take place.

Now this bathroom was built of iron, and the king gave orders that it was to be heated to such a degree that it would suffocate Simpleton. When the poor silly youth entered the room, he discovered that the iron walls were red-hot. But, fortunately, his comrade with the straw on his back had followed him in, and when the door was shut behind them, he scattered the straw about. Suddenly the red-hot walls cooled down and became so cold that Simpleton could scarcely bear to take a bath, and all the water in the room froze. Simpleton climbed up on the stove and, wrapping himself in the bath blankets, lay there the whole night. In the morning, when the king's men opened the door, there he lay safe and sound, singing cheerfully to himself.

When this strange tale was told to the king he was sad indeed, not knowing what he should do to get rid of so undesirable a son-in-law. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him.

"Tell the rascal to raise me an army--now, at this instant!" he exclaimed to one of his courtiers. "Inform him at once of my royal will." And to himself he added, "I think I shall do for him

this time."

As on the former occasions, the quick-eared comrade overheard the king's command, and he repeated it to Simpleton.

"Alas, alas!" Simpleton groaned. "Now I am quite done for."

"Not at all," replied the comrade who had dragged the bundle of wood through the forest. "Have you forgotten me?"

In the meantime the courtier, who had run all the way from the palace, reached the ship panting and breathless, and delivered the king's message.

"Good!" Simpleton said. "I will raise an army for the king." And he drew himself up. "But if, after that, the king refuses to accept me as his son-in-law, I will wage war against him and carry the princess off by force."

During the night Simpleton and his comrade went together into a big field, not forgetting to take the bundle of wood with them. This the comrade spread out in all directions, and in a moment a mighty army stood upon the spot, regiment on regiment of foot and horse soldiers. The bugles sounded and the drums beat, the chargers neighed, and their riders held their lances in position while the foot soldiers presented arms.

In the morning, when the king awoke, he was startled by warlike sounds--the bugles and drums, the clatter of the horses and the shouts of the soldiers. Stepping to the window, he saw the lances gleaming in the sunlight and the glittering armor.

The proud monarch said to himself, "I am powerless in comparison with this man."

So he sent Simpleton royal robes and costly jewels and commanded him to come to the palace to be maried to the princess. When his son-in-law put on the royal robes, he looked so grand and stately that it was impossible to recognize poor Simpleton, so changed was he. The princess fell in love with him as soon as ever she saw him.

Never before had so grand a wedding been seen, and there was so much food and wine that even the glutton and the thirsty comrade had enough to eat and drink.

Why the Ocean is Salty

hen the earth was new, there were not any caves in the mountains, and the ocean floor was flat and smooth, and the water of the ocean was not deep, and it was fresh with no salt in it.

In those days, Ang-ngalo, the son of the god of building, had much to do and he liked to do it. All day along, Ang-ngalo worked in the mountains, digging caves; deep caves and shallow caves, caves with roofs that were hung with jeweled spears, caves that were painted in reds and browns and yellows, caves that were plain and had no painted walls.

One morning he looked out across the ocean and saw Sipgnet, the goddess of the night, waving her dark veil at him.

Ang-gnalo put down his shovel. He washed his hands in the mountain stream. He walked across the ocean, and his walking made deep caverns in the ocean floor.

Sipgnet greeted him. "I am tired of my home," she said. "I am tired of its blackness and its darkness. Ang-ngalo," she said, "build me a dwelling that is as white as the snow on those mountains where you dig the caves. Make me a home as bright as the ocean in the sunlight."

He searched for stones that were white as snow. He hunted through the islands. He dug deep in the mountains, but he could not find stones as white as the mountain snow, as bright as the sunlit ocean.

"Then I shall build the house of brick," he said, and he searched for clay that was white and clay that sparkled. He could not find it.

He went to Asin, the god of salt.

"Give me salt," he said. "I will make bricks of salt. Salt is whiter than the mountain snow, and it is brighter than the sunlit ocean."

77

"I will do it," Asin said.

Then Ang-ngalo built bamboo bridges from the salt caves to the far side of the ocean. He hired workers to dig the salt. He hired workers to carry the salt across the bridge. He set about making bricks of salt.

But the ocean did not like the bridges that were built over it. The ocean did not like the noise of the workers carrying their loads of salt from the caves across the bridges. The ocean rose up in the darkness and sent great waves against the bridges, and towering waves against the walls of the house! The waves destroyed the bridges. The waves swept the walls into the sea, and the bricks melted, and the ocean water became salty.

And Sipgnet, the goddess of night, still lives in her dark house.

The Sea of Gold

In a small island, where almost every able-bodied man was a fisherman, there once lived a young man named Hikoichi. He was gentle and kind, but he was not very bright, and there was no one on the whole island who was willing to teach him how to become a fisherman.

"How could we ever make a fisherman out of you?" people would say to him. "You are much too slow to learn anything!"

But Hikoichi wanted very badly to go to work, and he tried hard to find a job. He looked and looked for many months until finally he found work as cook on one of the fishing boats. He got the job, however, only because no one else wanted it. No one wanted to work in a hot steaming galley, cooking rice and chopping vegetables, while the boat pitched and rolled in the middle of the sea. No one wanted to be the cook who always got the smallest share of the boat's catch. But Hikoichi didn't mind at all. He was happy to have any kind of job at last.

The fishermen on his boat liked to tease him and they would often call him Slowpoke or Stupid. "Get busy and make us something decent to eat, Stupid!" they would shout to him. Or, "The rice is only half-cooked, Slowpoke!" they would complain.

But no matter how they shouted or what they called him, Hikoichi never grew angry. He only answered, "Yes sir," or "I'm sorry, sir," and that was all.

Hikoichi was very careful with the food he cooked, and he tried not to waste even a single grain of rice. In fact, he hated to throw away any of the leftovers, and he stored them carefully in the galley cupboards. On the small, crowded fishing vessel, however, there was no room for keeping useless things. Every bit of extra space was needed to store the catch, for the more fish they took back to the island, the more money they would

79

all make. When the men discovered that Hikoichi was saving the leftovers, they scolded him harshly.

"Stupid fool!" they shouted. "Don't use our valuable space for storing garbage. Throw it into the sea!"

"What a terrible waste of good food," Hikoichi thought, but he had to do as he was told. He gathered up all the leftovers he had stored and took them up on deck.

"If I must throw this into the sea," he said to himself, "I will make sure the fish have a good feast. After all, if it were not for the fish, we wouldn't be able to make a living." And so, as he threw the leftovers into the water, he called out, "Here fish, here, good fish, have yourselves a splendid dinner!"

From that day, Hikoichi always called to the fish before he threw his leftovers into the sea. "*Sah sah*, come along," he would call. "Enjoy some rice from my galley!" And he continued talking to them until they had devoured every morsel he tossed overboard.

The fishermen laughed when they heard him. "Listen to the young fool talking to the fish," they jeered. And to Hikoichi they said, "Maybe someday they will answer you and tell you how much they enjoyed your dinner."

But Hikoichi didn't pay attention to the fishermen. He silently gathered all the scraps from the table and continued to toss them out to the fish at the end of the day. Each time he did, he called to the fish as though they were his best friends, and his gentle voice echoed far out over the dancing waves of the sea.

In such a fashion, many years went by until Hikoichi was no longer a young man. He continued to cook for the men on his fishing boat, however, and he still fed and talked to the fish every evening.

One day, the fishing boat put far out to sea in search of bigger fish. It sailed for three days and three nights, going farther and farther away from the small island. On the third night, they were still far out at sea when they dropped anchor. It was a quiet star-filled night with a full moon glowing high in the sky. The men were tired from the day's work and not long after dinner, they were all sound asleep.

Hikoichi, however, still had much to do. He scrubbed the pots, cleaned up his galley and washed the rice for breakfast.

When he had finished, he gathered all the leftovers in a basket and went up on deck.

"Gather around, good fish," he called as always. "Enjoy your dinner."

He emptied his basket and stayed to watch the fish eat up his food. Then, he went to his bunk to prepare for bed, but somehow the boat felt very peculiar. It had stopped rolling. In fact, it was not moving at all and felt as though it were standing on dry land.

"That's odd," Hikoichi thought, and he ran up on deck to see what had happened. He leaned over the rail and looked out.

"What!" he shouted. "The ocean is gone!"

And indeed it had disappeared. There was not a single drop of water anywhere. As far as Hikoichi could see, there was nothing but miles and miles of sand. It was as though the boat were standing in the middle of a vast desert of shimmering sand.

"What has happened?" Hikoichi wondered. "Have we suddenly beached ourselves on an unknown island? Did the ocean dry up? But no, that is impossible. I must be dreaming!"

Hikoichi blinked hard and shook his head. Then he pinched himself on the cheek, but he was not dreaming. Hikoichi was alarmed. He wanted to go below to wake the others, but he knew they would be very angry to be awakened in the middle of the night. They would shout at him and call him a stupid fool and tell him he was out of his mind. Hikoichi decided he wouldn't awaken them after all. If the boat was still on land in morning, the men would see for themselves.

Hikoichi could not believe his eyes. He simply had to get off the boat to see if they really were standing on dry land. Slowly, he lowered himself down a rope ladder and reached the sand below. Carefully, he took a step and felt his foot crunch on something solid. No, it wasn't water. It really was sand after all. Hikoichi blinked as he looked around, for under the light of the moon, the sand glittered and sparkled like a beach of gold. He scooped up a handful and watched it glisten as it slid through his fingers.

"Why, this is beautiful," Hikoichi thought, and his heart sang wildly with joy at the splendor of the sight. "I must save some of this sand so I can remember this wonderful night forever." He

81

hurried back onto the boat for a bucket, filled it with the sparkling sand and then carried it aboard and hid it carefully beneath his bunk. He looked around at the other men, but they were all sound asleep. Not one seemed to have noticed that the boat was standing still. Hikoichi slipped quietly into his narrow, dark bunk, and soon he too was sound asleep.

The next morning Hikoichi was the first to wake up. He remembered the remarkable happening of the night before, and he leaped out of bed, ready to call the other men to see the strange sight. But as he got dressed, he felt the familiar rocking of the boat. He hurried up on deck and he saw that once again they were out in the middle of the ocean with waves all about them. Hikoichi shook his head, but now he could no longer keep it all to himself. As soon as the other men came up on deck, he told his story.

"It's true," he cried as he saw wide grins appear on the men's faces. "The ocean was gone and for miles and miles there was nothing but sand. It glittered and sparkled under the full moon and it was as though we were sailing on a sea of golden sand!"

The men roared with laughter. "Hikoichi, you were surely drunk," they said. "Now put away your daydreams and fix us some breakfast."

"No, no, I wasn't drunk and I wasn't dreaming," Hikoichi insisted. "I climbed down the ladder and I walked on the sand. I picked it up and felt it slip through my fingers. It wasn't a dream. It really wasn't."

"Poor old Slowpoke," the men sneered. "Your brain has finally become addled. We will have to send you home."

It was then that Hikoichi remembered his bucket. "Wait! Come with me and I can prove it," he said, and he led the men down to his bunk. Then, getting down on his hands and knees, he carefully pulled out his bucket of sand.

"There!" he said proudly. "I scooped this up when I went down and walked on the sand. Now do you believe me?"

The men suddenly stopped laughing. "This isn't sand," they said, reaching out to feel it. "It's gold! It's a bucket full of pure gold!"

"Why didn't you get more, you poor fool?" one of the men shouted.

"You've got to give some of it to us," another added.

"We share our fish with you. You must share your gold with us," said still another.

Soon all the men were yelling and shouting and pushing to get their hands on Hikoichi's bucket of gold.

Then the oldest of the fishermen spoke up. "Stop it! Stop it!" he called out. "This gold doesn't belong to any of you. It belongs to Hikoichi."

He reminded the men how Hikoichi had fed the fish of the sea for so many years as though they were his own children.

"Now the King of the Sea has given Hikoichi a reward for his kindness to the fish," he explained. And turning to Hikoichi, he added, "You are not stupid or a fool or a slowpoke, my friend. You are gentle and kind and good. This gift from the Kingdom of the Sea is your reward. Take all the gold and keep it, for it belongs only to you."

The shouting, pushing fishermen suddenly became silent and thoughtful, for they knew the old fisherman was right. They were ashamed of having laughed at Hikoichi year after year, and they knew that he truly deserved this fine reward.

Without another word the men went back to work. They completed their catch that day and the heavily laden boat returned once more to the little island.

The next time the boat put out to sea, Hikoichi was no longer aboard, for now he had enough gold to leave his job as cook forever. He built himself a beautiful new house, and he even had a small boat of his own so he could still sail out to sea and feed the fish. He used his treasure from the sea wisely and well, and he lived a long happy life on the little island where no one ever called him Stupid or Slowpoke again.

The Story of Tremsin, the Bird Zhar, and Nastasia, the Lovely Maid of the Sea

There was once upon a time a man and a woman, and they had one little boy. In the summertime they used to go out and mow corn in the fields, and one summer when they had laid their little lad by the side of a sheaf, an eagle swooped down, caught up the child, carried him into the forest, and laid him in its nest. Now in this forest three bandits chanced to be wandering at the same time. They heard the child crying in the eagle's nest: "Oo'oo! oo-oo! oo-oo!" so they went up to the oak on which was the nest and said to one another, "Let us chop down the tree and kill the child!"--"No," replied one of them, "it would be better to climb up the tree and bring him down alive." So he climbed up the tree and brought down the lad, and they nurtured him and gave him the name of Tremsin. They brought up Tremsin until he became a youth, and then they gave him a horse, set him upon it, and said to him, "Now go out into the wide world and search for your father and your mother!" So Tremsin went out into the wide world and pastured his steed on the vast steppes, and his steed spoke to him and said, "When we have gone a little farther, you will see a plume of the Bird *Zhar*; pick it not up, or sore trouble will be yours!" Then they went on again. They went on and on, through ten tsardoms they went, till they came to another empire in the land of Thrice Ten where lay the feather. And the youth said to himself, "Why should I not pick up the feather when it shines so brightly even from afar?" And he went near to the feather, and it shone so that the like of it cannot be expressed or conceived or imagined or even told of in tales. Then Tremsin picked up the feather and went into the town

over against him, and in that town there lived a rich nobleman. And Tremsin entered the house of this nobleman and said, "Sir, may I work with you as a laborer?"--The nobleman looked at him, and, seeing that he was comely and stalwart, "Why not? Of course you may," said he. So he took him into service. Now this nobleman had many servants, and they curried his horses for him, and made them smart and glossy against the day he should go a-hunting. And Tremsin began to curry his horse likewise, and the servants of the nobleman could not make the horses of their master so shining bright as Tremsin made his own horse. So they looked more closely, and they perceived that when Tremsin cleaned his horse he stroked it with the feather of the Bird Zhar, and the coat of the good steed straightway shone like burnished silver. Then those servants were filled with envy, and said among themselves, "How can we remove this fellow from the world? We'll saddle him with a task he is unable to do, and then our master will drive him away."--So they went to their master and said, "Tremsin has a feather of the Bird Zhar, and he says that if he likes he can get the Bird Zhar itself." Then the nobleman sent for Tremsin and said to him, "O Tremsin! my henchmen say that you can get the Bird Zhar if you want to."--"Nay, but I cannot," replied Tremsin.--"Answer me not," said the nobleman, "for so sure as I've a sword, I'll slice your head off like a gourd."--Then Tremsin fell a-weeping and went away to his horse. "My master," said he, "has given me a task to do that will clean undo me."--"What task is that?" asked the horse.--"Why, to fetch him the Bird Zhar."--"Why that's not a task, but a trifle," replied the horse. "Let us go to the steppes," it continued, "and let me go a-browsing; but strip yourself stark-naked and lie down in the grass, and the Bird Zhar will swoop down to feed. So long as she only claws about your body, touch her not; but as soon as she begins to claw at your eyes seize her by the legs."

So when they got to the wild steppes, Tremsin stripped himself naked and flung himself in the grass, and, immediately, the Bird Zhar swooped down and began pecking all about him, and at last she peckd at his eyes. Then Tremsin seized her by both legs, and mounted his horse and took the Bird Zhar to the nobleman. Then his fellow-servants were more envious than

ever, and they said among themselves, "How shall we devise for him a task to do that cannot be done, and so rid the world of him altogether?" So they thought, and then they went to the nobleman and said, "Tresmin says that to get the Bird Zhar was nothing, and that he is also able to get the thrice-lovely Nastasia of the sea." Then the nobleman again sent for Tremsin and said to him, "Look now! You got for me the Bird Zhar, see that you now also get me the thrice-lovely Nastasia of the sea."--"But I cannot, sir!" said Tremsin.--"Answer me not so!" replied the nobleman, "for so sure as I've a sword, I'll slice your head off like a gourd if you do not bring her."--Then Tremsin went out to his horse and fell a-weeping.--"Why do you weep?" asked the faithful steed.--"My master has given me a task that cannot be done."--"What task is that?"--"Why to fetch him the thrice-lovely Nastasia of the sea!"--"Oh-ho!" laughed the horse, "that is not a task, but a trifle. Go to your master and say, 'Cause white tents to be raised by the sea-shore, and buy wares of sundry kinds, and wine and spirits in bottles and flasks, and the thrice-lovely Nastasia will come and purchase your wares, and then you may take her."

And the nobleman did so. He caused white tents to be pitched by the sea shore, and bought kerchiefs and scarves and spread them out gaily, and made store of wine and brandy in bottles and flasks. Then Tremsin rode toward the tents, and while he was on the way his horse said to him, "Now when I go to graze, you lie down and pretend to sleep. Then the thrice-lovely Nastasia will appear and say, 'What do you want for your wares?' but keep silent. But when she begins to taste of the wine and brandy, then she will go to sleep in the tent, and you can catch her easily and hold her fast!" Then Tremsin lay down and pretended to sleep, and forth from the sea came the thrice-lovely Nastasia, and went up to the tents and asked, "Merchant, merchant, what do you want for your wares?" But he lay there, and moved never a limb. She asked the same thing over and over again, but, getting no answer, went into the tents where the flasks and the bottles stood. She tasted the wine. How good it was! She tasted the brandy. That was still better. So from tasting she fell to drinking. First she drank a little, and then she drank a little more, and at last she went asleep in the tent. Then

Tremsin seized the thrice-lovely Nastasia and put her behind him on horseback, and carried her off to the nobleman. The nobleman praised Tremsin exceedingly, but the thrice-lovely Nastasia said, "Look now! since you have found the feather of the Bird Zhar, and the Bird Zhar herself, since also you have found me, you must now fetch me also my little coral necklace from the sea!" Then Tremsin went out to his faithful steed and wept sorely, and told him all about it. And the horse said to him, "Did I not tell you that grievous woe would come upon you if you picked up that feather?" But the horse added, "Come! weep not! after all 'tis not a task, but a trifle." Then they went along by the sea, and the horse said to him, "Let me out to graze, and then keep watch till you see a crab come forth from the sea, and then say to him, 'I'll catch you.' "--So Tremsin let his horse out to graze, and he himself stood by the sea-shore, and watched and watched till he saw a crab come swimming along. Then he said to the crab, "I'll catch you." -- "Oh! seize me not!" said the crab, "but let me get back into the sea, and I'll be of great service to you."--"Very well," said Tremsin, "but you must get me from the sea the coral necklace of the thrice-lovely Nastasia," and with that he let the crab go back into the sea again. Then the crab called together all her young crabs, and they collected all the coral and brought it ashore, and gave it to Tremsin. Then the faithful steed came running up, and Tremsin mounted it, and took the coral to the thrice-lovely Nastasia. "Well," said Nastasia, "you have gotten the feather of the Bird Zhar, you have gotten the Bird Zhar itself, you have gotten me my coral, get me now from the sea my herd of wild horses!"--Then Tremsin was very distressed, and went to his faithful steed and wept bitterly, and told him all about it. "Well," said the horse, "this time 'tis no trifle, but a real hard task. Go now to your master, and bid him buy twenty hides,and eight-hundred pounds of pitch, and eight-hundred pounds of flax, and eight-hundred pounds of hair."--So Tremsin went to his master and told him, and his master bought it all. Then Tremsin loaded his horse with all this, and to the sea they went together. And when they came to the sea the horse said, "Now lay upon me the hides and the tar and the flax, and lay them in this order--first a hide, and then forty pounds of tar, and then

forty pounds of flax, and so on, laying them like that till they are all laid." Tremsin did so. "And now," said the horse, "I shall plunge into the sea, and when you see a large red wave driving toward the shore, run away till the red wave has passed and see a white wave coming, and then sit down on the shore and keep watch. I shall then come out of the sea, and after me the whole herd; then you must strike with the horsehair the horse which gallops immediately after me, and he will not be too strong for you."--So the faithful steed plunged into the sea, and Tremsin sat down on the shore and watched. The horse swam to a bosquet that rose out of the sea, and there the herd of sea-horses was grazing. When the strong charger of Nastasia saw him and the hides he carried on his back, it set off after him at full tilt, and the whole herd followed the strong charger of Nastasia. They drove the horse with the hides into the sea, and pursued him. Then the strong charger of Nastasia caught up the steed of Tremsin and tore off one of his hides, and began to worry it with his teeth and tear it to fragments as he ran. Then he caught him up a second time, and tore off another hide, and began to worry that in like manner till he had torn it also to shreds; and thus he ran after Tremsin's steed for seventy miles, till he had torn off all the hides, and worried them to bits. But Tremsin sat upon the seashore till he saw the large white billow bounding in, and behind the billow came his own horse, and behind his own horse came the thrice-terrible charger of the thrice-lovely Nastasia, with the whole herd at his heels. Tremsin struck him full on the forehead with the eight-hundred pounds of hair, and immediately he stood stood still. Then Tremsin struck him full on the forehead with the eight-hundred pounds of hair, and immediately he stood still. Then Tremsin threw a halter over him, mounted, and drove the whole herd to the thrice-lovely Nastasia. Nastasia praised Tremsin for his prowess, and said to him, "Well, you have gotten the feather of the Bird Zhar, you have gotten the Bird Zhar itself, you have gotten me my coral and my herd of horses, now milk my mare and put the milk into three vats, so that there may be milk hot as boiling water in the first vat, lukewarm milk in the second vat, and icy cold milk in the third vat." Then Tremsin went to his faithful steed and wept bitterly,

and the horse said to him, "Why do you weep?"--"Why should I not weep?" cried he; "the thrice-lovely Nastasia has given me the task to do that cannot be done. I am to fill three vats with the milk from her mare, and the milk must be boiling hot in the first vat, and lukewarm in the second, and icy cold in the third vat."--"Oh-ho!" cried the horse, "that is not a task, but a trifle. I'll caress the mare, then go on nibbling till you have milked all three vats full."So Tremsin did so. He milked the three vats full, and the milk in the first vat was boiling hot, and in the second vat warm, and in the third vat freezing cold. When all was ready the thrice-lovely Nastasia said to Tremsin, "Now, leap first of all into the cold vat, and then into the warm vat, and then into the boiling hot vat!"--Tremsin leaped into the first vat, and leaped out again an old man; he leaped into the second vat, and leaped out a youth; he leaped into the third vat, but when he leaped out again, he was so young and handsome that no pen can describe it, and no talk can tell of it. Then the thrice-lovely Nastasia herself leaped into the vats. She leaped into the first vat, and came out an old woman; she leaped into the second vat, and came out a young maid; but when she leaped out of the third vat, she was so handsome and goodly that no pen can describe it, and no talk can tell of it. Then the thrice lovely Nastasia made the nobleman leap into the vats. He leaped into the first vat, and became quite old; he leaped into the second vat, and became quite young; he leaped into the third vat, and burst into pieces. Then Tremsin took unto himself the thrice-lovely Nastasia to be his wife, and they lived happily together on the nobleman's estate, and they drove away the evil servants.

The Raven and the Lobster

A raven flew above the sea, looked down, and saw a lobster. She grabbed him and took him to the woods, intending to perch somewhere on a branch and eat a good meal. The lobster saw his end was coming and said to the raven: "Eh, raven, I knew your father and mother, they were fine people!" "Humph!" answered the raven, without opening her mouth. "And I knew your brothers and sisters, too; what fine people they are!" "Humph!" "But although they are all fine people, they are not equal to you. I think that in the whole world there is not one wiser than you." "Aha!" cawed the raven, opening her mouth wide, and dropped the lobster into the sea.

Salt

In a certain city there lived a merchant who had three sons: the first was Fyodor, the second Vasily, and the third Ivan the Fool. This merchant lived richly; he sailed in his ships to foreign lands and traded in all kinds of goods. Once he loaded two ships with precious merchandise and sent them beyond the sea with his two elder sons. Ivan, his youngest son, always went to inns and alehouses, and for that reason his father did not trust him with any business; but when Ivan learned that his brothers had been sent beyond the sea, he straightway went to his father and begged him to be allowed to show himself in foreign lands, see people, and earn money by his wits. For a long time the merchant refused, saying; "You'll spend everything on drink and come home without your head!" However, when he saw that his son persisted in his prayers, he gave him a ship with the very cheapest cargo--beams, boards, and planks. Ivan made ready for the voyage, lifted anchor, and soon overtook his brothers. They sailed together on the blue sea for one day, two days, three days; but on the fourth strong winds arose and blew Ivan's ship to a remote and unknown island. "Very well, boys," cried Ivan to his crew, "make for shore!" And they reached the shore. Ivan stepped out on the island, told his crew to wait for him, and started walking along a path. He walked and walked until he reached a very high mountain. And he saw that in this mountain there was neither sand nor stone but pure Russian salt. He returned to the shore and ordered his sailors to throw all the beams and planks into the water and to load the ship with salt. As soon as this was done, Ivan lifted anchor and sailed away.

After some time, a long time or a short time, and after they had sailed some distance, a great distance or a short one, the

ship approached a large and wealthy city, sailed into its harbor, and cast anchor. Ivan, the merchant's son, went into the city to make obeisance to the king of the country and to obtain permission to trade freely, and he took a bundle of his merchandise, Russian salt, to show to the king. His arrival was immediately reported to the sovereign, who summoned him and said: "Speak! What is your business, what do you want?" "Just this, your Majesty! Permit me to trade freely in your city!" "And what goods do you sell?" "Russian salt, your Majesty." The king had never heard of salt; in his kingdom the people ate without salt. He wondered what this new and unknown merchandise might be. "Come," he said, "show it to me." Ivan, the merchant's son, opened his kerchief; the king glanced at the contents and thought to himself: "This is only white sand!" And he said to Ivan with a smile: "Brother, this can be had here without money!"

Ivan left the palace feeling very downcast. Then it occurred to him to go to the king's kitchen and see how the cooks prepared meals there and what kind of salt they used. He went into the kitchen, asked to be allowed to rest for a while, sat on a chair, and watched. The cooks ran back and forth: one was busy boiling, another roasting, another pouring, and still another crushing lice on a ladle. Ivan, the merchant's son, saw that they were not the least bit concerned with salting the food. He waited till a moment came when everyone else was out of the kitchen; then he seized the chance to pour the proper amount of salt into all the stews and sauces. The time came to serve the dinner, and the first dish was brought in. The king ate of it, and found it savory as never before. The second dish was served, and he liked it even better.

Then the king summoned his cooks and said to them: "I have been king for many years, but never before have you cooked me such savory dishes. How did you do it?" The cooks answered: "Your Majesty, we cooked as of old and did not add anything new. But the merchant who came to ask permission to trade freely is sitting in the kitchen. Perhaps he has added something." "Summon him to my presence!" Ivan, the merchant's son, was brought before the king to be questioned. He fell on his knees and asked forgiveness. "Your Majesty, I confess my guilt. I have seasoned all the dishes and sauces with

Russian salt. Such is the custom in my country." "And for how much do you sell this salt?" Ivan realized that his business was in a fair way and answered: "It is not very dear--for two measures of salt, one measure of silver and one of gold." The king agreed to this price and bought the whole cargo.

Ivan filled his ship with silver and gold and sat down to wait for a favorable wind. Now the king of that land had a daughter, a beautiful princess. She wanted to see the Russian ship and asked her father's permission to go down to the port. The king gave her permission. So she took her nurses, governesses, and maidservants with her and drove forth to see the Russian ship. Ivan, the merchant's son, showed her every part and told her its name--the sails, the rigging, the bow, and the stern--and then he led her into the cabin. He ordered his crew to cut away the anchor, hoist the sails, and put out to sea; and since they had a good tail wind, they were soon a good distance from the city. The princess came up on deck, saw only the sea around her, and began to weep. Ivan, the merchant's son, spoke to her, comforted her, and urged her to dry her tears; and since he was handsome, she soon smiled and ceased grieving.

For some time, a long time or a short time, Ivan sailed on the sea with the princess. Then his elder brothers overtook him, learned of his audacity and good fortune, and greatly envied him. They came on board his ship, seized him by his arms, and threw him into the sea; then they cast lots between them and divided the booty: the eldest brother took the princess, and the second brother took the ship full of silver and gold.

Now it happened that when they flung Ivan from the ship he saw one of the boards that he himself had thrown into the sea. He clutched the board and for a long time drifted on it above the depths of the sea. Finally he was carried to an unknown island. He went ashore and walked along the beach. He met a giant with an enormous mustache, on which hung his mittens, which he was drying thus after the rain. "What do you want here?" asked the giant. Ivan told him everything that had happened. "If you desire, I will carry you home. Tomorrow your eldest brother is to marry the princess. Sit on my back." He took Ivan up in his hands, seated him on his back, and ran across the sea. Ivan's cap dropped off. "Ah me," he said, "I've lost my cap!" "Never mind, brother," said the giant, "your cap

is far away by now, five hundred versts behind us." He brought Ivan to his native land, put him on the ground, and said: "Now promise that you will not boast to anyone about having ridden on my back; if you do boast, I shall crush you." Ivan, the merchant's son, promised not to boast, thanked the giant, and set out on the homeward journey.

When he arrived, everyone was already at the wedding table, preparing to go to church. As soon as the beautiful princess saw him, she jumped from her seat and threw herself on his neck. "This is my bridegroom," she said, "and not he who sits here by my side." "What is this?" asked the father. Ivan told him everything--how he had traded the salt, how he had carried off the princess, and how his elder brothers had pushed him into the sea. The father was very angry at his elder sons, drove them out of the house, and married Ivan to the princess.

Now a gay feast began. The guests got drunk and began to boast, some about their strength, some about their wealth, and some about the beauty of their young wives. And Ivan sat and sat and then drunkenly boasted: "What are your boasts worth? I have something real to boast about. I rode horseback on a giant across the entire sea!" The moment he said these words, the giant appeared at the gate. "Ah, Ivan, son of the merchant," he said, "I told you not to boast about me. Now what have you done?" "Forgive me," Ivan implored him, "it was not I who boasted, but my drunkeness!" "Come, show me. What do you mean by drunkeness?

Ivan gave orders that a hundred gallon barrel of wine and a hundred gallon barrel of beer be brought. The giant drank the wine and the beer, got drunk, and began to break up and ruin everything in his path; he knocked down trees and bushes and tore big houses asunder. Then he fell down and slept three days and nights without awakening. When he awoke, he was shown all the damage he had done. The giant was terribly surprised and said: "Well, Ivan, son of the merchant, now I know what drunkenness is . Henceforth you may boast about me all you like."

The Fisherman and His Wife

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a miserable little hovel close to the sea. He went to fish every day, and he fished and fished, and at last one day as he was sitting looking deep down into the shining water, he felt something on his line. When he hauled it up there was a big flounder on the end of the line.

The flounder said to him, "Listen, fisherman, I beg you not to kill me. I am no common flounder. I am an enchanted prince! What good will it do to kill me? I shan't be good to eat. Put me back into the water and leave me to swim about."

"Ho! ho!" said the fisherman. "You need not make so many words about it. I am quite ready to put back a flounder that can talk." And so saying, he put back the flounder into the shining water and it sank down to the bottom, leaving a streak of blood behind it. Then the fisherman got up and went back to his wife in the hovel.

"Husband," she said, "have you caught nothing today?"

"No," said the man. "All I caught was one flounder. And he said he was an enchanted prince, so I let him go again."

"Did you not wish for anything then?" asked the goodwife.

"No," said the man. "What was there to wish for?"

"Alas," said the wife, "isn't it bad enough always to live in this wretched hovel? You might at least have wished for a nice clean cottage. Go back and call him! Tell him I want a pretty cottage. He will surely give us that."

"Alas," said the man, "what am I to go back there for?"

"Well," said the woman, "it was you who caught him and let him go again. He will certainly do that for you. Be off now."

The man was still not very willing to go, but he did not want to vex his wife and at last he went back to the sea.

He found the sea no longer bright and shining, but dull and green. He stood by it and said:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prithee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

The flounder came swimming up and said, "Well, what do you want?"

"Alas," said the man, "I had to call you, for my wife said I ought to have wished for something as I caught you. She doesn't want to live in our miserable hovel any longer. She wants a pretty cottage."

"Go home again then," said the flounder. "She has her wish fully."

The man went home and found his wife no longer in the old hut, but a pretty little cottage stood in its place and his wife was sitting on a bench by the door.

She took him by the hand and said, "Come and look here. Isn't this much better?"

They went inside and found a pretty sitting room, a bedroom with a bed in it, a kitchen, and a larder furnished with everything of the best in tin and brass and every possible requisite. Outside there was a little yard with chickens and ducks and a little garden full of vegetables and fruit.

"Look!" said the woman. "Is not this nice?"

"Yes," said the man, "and so let it remain. We can live here very happily."

"We will see about that," said the woman. With that they ate something and went to bed.

Everything went well for a week or more, and then the wife said, "Listen, husband, this cottage is too cramped and the garden is too small. The flounder could have given us a bigger house. I want to live in a big stone castle. Go to the flounder and tell him to give us a castle."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "the cottage is good enough for us. What should we do with a castle?"

"Never mind," said his wife. "You just go to the flounder and he will manage it."

"No, wife," said the man. "The flounder gave us the cottage. I don't want to go back. As likely as not he'll be angry."

"Go, all the same," said the woman. "He can do it easily enough and willingly into the bargain. Just go!"

The man's heart was heavy and he was very unwilling to go. He said to himself, "It's not right." But at last he went.

He found the sea was no longer green: it was still calm, but dark violet and gray. He stood by it and said:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prithee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

"Now what do you want?" said the flounder.

"Alas," said the man, half scared, "my wife wants a big stone castle."

"Go home again," said the flounder. "She is standing at the door of it."

Then the man went away thinking he would find no house, but when he got back he found a great stone palace, and his wife was standing at the top of the steps waiting to go in.

She took him by the hand and said, "Come in with me."

With that they went in and found a great hall paved with marble slabs, and numbers of servants in attendance who opened the great doors for them. The walls were hung with beautiful tapestries and the rooms were furnished with golden chairs and tables, while rich carpets covered the floors and crystal chandeliers hung from the ceilings. The tables groaned under every kind of delicate food and the most costly wines. Outside the house there was a great courtyard, with stables for horses and cows, and many fine carriages. Beyond this there was a great garden filled with the loveliest flowers and fine fruit trees. There was also a park half a mile long, and in it were stags, hinds and hares, and everything that one could wish for.

"Now," said the woman, "is not this worth having?"

"Oh yes," said the man, "and so let it remain. We will live in this beautiful palace and be content."

"We will think about that," said his wife, "and sleep upon it."

With that they went to bed.

Next morning the wife woke up first. Day was just dawning and from her bed she could see the beautiful country around her. Her husband was still asleep, but she pushed him with her elbow and said, "Husband, get up and peep out of the window.

See here, now, could we not be be King over all this land? Go to the flounder. We will be King."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "why should we be King? I don't want to be King."

"Ah," said his wife, "if you will not be King, I will. Go to the flounder. I will be King."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be King? I don't want to ask the flounder."

"Why not?" said the woman. "Go you must. I will be King."

So the man went, but he was quite sad because his wife would be King.

"It is not right," he said. "It is not right."

When he reached the sea, he found it dark, gray and rough, and evil smelling. He stood there and said:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prithee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

"Now what does she want?" said the flounder.

"Alas," said the man, "she wants to be King now."

"Go back. She is King already," said the flounder.

So the man went back, and when he reached the palace he found that it had grown much larger and a great tower had been added with handsome decorations. There was a sentry at the door and numbers of soldiers were playing drums and trumpets. As soon as he got inside the house he found everything was marble and gold, and the hangings were of velvet with great golden tassels.

The doors of the saloon were thrown wide open, and he saw the whole court assembled. His wife was sitting on a lofty throne of gold and diamonds. She wore a golden crown and carried in one hand a scepter of pure gold. On each side of her stood ladies in a long row, each one a head shorter than the next.

He stood before her and said, "Alas, wife, are you now King?"

"Yes," she said. "Now I am King."

He stood looking at her for some time, and then he said, "Ah, wife, it is a fine thing for you to be King. Now we will not wish to be anything more."

"No, husband," she answered, quite uneasily, "I find that

time hangs very heavy on my hands. I can't bear it any longer. Go back to the flounder. King I am, but I must also be Emperor."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "why do you now want to be Emperor?"

"Husband," she answered, "go to the flounder. Emperor I will be."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "emperor he can't make you, and I won't ask him. There is only one emperor in the country and Emperor the flounder cannot make you. That he can't.

"What?" said the woman. "I am King, and you are but my husband. To him you must go and that right quickly. If he can make a king, he can also make an emperor. Emperor I will be, so go quickly."

He had to go, but he was quite frightened. And as he went he thought, "This won't end well. Emperor is too shameless. The flounder will make an end of the whole thing."

With that he came to the sea, but now he found it quite black and heaving up from below in great waves. It tossed to and fro and a sharp wind blew over it, and the man trembled. So he stood there and said:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prithee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

"What does she want now?" said the flounder.

"Alas, flounder," he said, "my wife wants to be Emperor."

"Go back," said the flounder. "She is Emperor."

So the man went back, and when he got to the door he found that the whole palace was made of polished marble with alabaster figures and golden decorations. Soldiers marched up and down before the doors, blowing their trumpets and beating their drums. Inside the palace, counts, barons, and dukes walked about as attendants, and they opened to him the doors, which were of pure gold.

He went in and saw his wife sitting on a huge throne made of solid gold. It was at least two miles high. She had on her head a great golden crown set with diamonds three yards high. In one hand she held the scepter, and in the other the orb of empire. On each side of her stood the gentlemen-at-arms in two rows,

each one a little smaller than the other, from giants two miles high down to the tiniest dwarf no bigger than my little finger. She was surrounded by princes and dukes.

Her husband stood still and said, "Wife, are you now Emperor?"

"Yes," said she. "Now I am Emperor."

Then he looked at her for some time and said, "Alas, wife, how much better off are you for being Emperor?"

"Husband," she said, "what are you standing there for? Now I am Emperor, I mean to be Pope! Go back to the flounder."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "what won't you want next? Pope you cannot be. There is only one pope in Christendom. That's more than the flounder can do."

"Husband," she said, "Pope I will be, so go at once! I must be Pope this very day."

"No, my wife," he said, "I dare not tell him. It's no good. It's too monstrous altogether. The flounder cannot make you Pope."

"Husband," said the woman, "don't talk nonsense. If he can make an emperor, he can make a pope. Go immediately. I am Emperor, and you are but my husband, and you must obey."

So he was frightened and went, but he was quite dazed. He shivered and shook and his knees trembled.

A great wind arose over the land, the clouds flew across the sky, and it grew as dark as night. The leaves fell from the trees, and the water foamed and dashed upon the shore. In the distance the ships were being tossed to and fro on the waves, and he heard them firing signals of distress. There was still a little patch of blue in the sky among the dark clouds, but towards the south they were red and heavy, as in a bad storm. In despair, he stood and said:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prithee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

"Now what does she want?" said the flounder.

"Alas," said the man, "she wants to be Pope!"

"Go back. Pope she is," said the flounder.

So back he went, and he found a great church surrounded with palaces. He pressed through the crowd, and inside he

101

found thousands and thousands of lights. And his wife, entirely clad in gold, was sitting on a still higher throne with three golden crowns upon her head, and she was surrounded with priestly state.

On each side of her were two rows of candles, from the biggest as thick as a tower down to the tiniest little taper. Kings and emperors were on their knees before her, kissing her shoe.

"Wife," said the man, looking at her, "are you now Pope?"

"Yes," said she. "Now I am Pope."

So there he stood gazing at her, and it was like looking at a shining sun.

"Alas, wife," he said, "are you better off for being Pope?"

At first she sat as stiff as a post without stirring. Then he said, "Now, wife be content with being Pope. Higher you cannot go."

"I will think about that," said the woman, and with that they both went to bed. Still she was not content and could not sleep for her inordinate desires. The man slept well and soundly, for he had walked about a great deal in the day. But his wife could think of nothing but what further grandeur she could demand. When the dawn reddened the sky she raised herself up in bed and looked out the window, and when she saw the sun rise she said:

"Ha! Can I not cause the sun and the moon to rise? Husband!" she cried, digging her elbow into his side, "wake up and go to the flounder. I will be Lord of the Universe."

Her husband, who was still more than half asleep, was so shocked that he fell out of bed. He thought he must have heard wrong. He rubbed his eyes and said, "Alas, wife, what did you say?"

"Husband," she said, "if I cannot be Lord of the Universe, and cause the sun and moon to set and rise, I shall not be able to bear it. I shall never have another happy moment."

She looked at him so wildly that it caused a shudder to run through him.

"Alas, wife," he said, falling on his knees before her. "The flounder can't do that. Emperor and Pope he can make, but this is indeed beyond him. I pray you, control yourself and remain Pope."

Then she flew into a terrible rage. Her hair stood on end. She

kicked him and screamed, "I won't bear it any longer. Now go!"

Then he pulled on his trousers and tore away like a madman. Such a storm was raging that he could hardly keep his feet. Houses and trees quivered and swayed, and mountains trembled, and the rocks rolled into the sea. The sky was pitchy black.

It thundered and lightened, and the sea ran in black waves mountain-high, crested with white foam. He shrieked out, but could hardly make himself heard:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prithee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

"Now what does she want?" asked the flounder.

"Alas," he said, "she wants to be Lord of the Universe."

"Now she must go back to her old hovel," said the flounder, "and there she is!" So there they are to this very day.

The Little Mermaid

Far out at sea, the water is as blue as the bluest cornflower and as clear as the clearest crystal, but it is very deep--deeper than any anchor cable can fathom. Many church steeples would have to be piled one on top of the other to reach from the very bottom to the surface of the water. And down in the depths live the sea folk.

Now, don't imagine for a moment that there is nothing but bare white sand on the bed of the ocean--no, the most fantastic trees and flowers grow there, and all kinds of fishes, big and small, flit in and out among the branches, just as birds do in the air up here. At the very lowest depth stands the palace of the Sea King; the walls are made of coral and the high, pointed windows of the clearest amber, but the roof is made of mussel shells which open and close with the gentle motion of the water. It is a wonderful sight, for every mussel shell contains gleaming pearls--any single one of which would be a perfect ornament for a queen's crown.

The Sea King had been a widower for many years, but his old mother kept house for him. She was very intelligent, although proud of her noble birth, and that is why she went about with twelve oysters on her tail, while the other highborn ladies were allowed just six. Apart from this, she deserved a great deal of praise because she was so fond of her grandchildren, the Princesses. They were six beautiful little girls, but the youngest was the prettiest of them all: her skin was as clear and delicate as a rose petal, her eyes were as blue as the deepest sea, but, like the other mermaids, she had no feet, only a fish's tail.

All day long they used to play down in the palace, in the great galleries where living flowers grew out of the walls. When the tall amber windows were opened, fishes swam in just as swallows fly into our rooms when we open the windows, but

the fishes swam right up to the little Princesses, ate from their hands and allowed themselves to be patted.

Outside the palace there was a large garden with trees of fiery red and deep blue, their fruits glimmering like gold, and flowers like a blazing fire, ceaselessly moving their stems and leaves. The ground itself was of the finest sand, but blue as a sulfur flame. Down there a strange blue mist enveloped everything; you would have thought you were standing high in the air, with only the sky above and beneath you, and not down in the depths of the ocean. When the surface was dead calm you could just faintly perceive the sun, looking like a crimson flower from which streamed a flood of light.

Each of the small Princesses had her own little plot in the garden where she could dig and plant as she liked. One of them gave her flower bed the shape of a whale, another thought it nicer to have hers formed like a mermaid, but the youngest made hers as round as the sun and used only flowers as red as the sun itself. She was a strange child, quiet and pensive, and while the other sisters decorated their gardens with all kinds of extraordinary things that they had taken from sunken ships, she would have nothing in hers but a beautiful statue and her red flowers. It was the statue of a handsome boy, in the purest white marble, that had sunk to the bottom of the sea after a shipwreck. Next to the statue she planted a rose-red weeping willow which grew splendidly and shaded the statue with its delicate branches.

Nothing gave the youngest Princess greater pleasure than to hear about the world of human beings up above. She made her grandmother tell all she knew about ships and towns, people and animals; but what fascinated her beyond words was that the flowers on earth were scented, while those at the bottom of the sea were not, that the woods were green and that the fishes one saw among the branches could sing so loudly and sweetly that it was a delight to hear them. Grandmother called the little birds of the air fishes, because otherwise the mermaids would not have understood her, for they had never seen a bird.

"As soon as you are fifteen," said their grandmother, "you will all be allowed to rise up above the water and sit on the rocks in the moonlight to watch the big ships sail by."

The following year the eldest sister was to have her fifteenth birthday, but as there was one year between each of them, the youngest still had five whole years to wait before her turn came to see what things are like on the earth. And the very one who had the longest time to wait was the most curious of them all. Many a night she stood by the open window and looked up through the dark blue sea where the fishes were lashing the water with fins and tails. She could just perceive the moon and the stars, though their light was very faint, but through the water they looked much bigger than they do to us; and if something like a black cloud passed under them, she knew that it was either a whale swimming above her or a ship with many people on board. They probably never dreamed that a lovely little mermaid was standing below, raising her white hands toward the keel of their ship.

The eldest Princess had now reached her fifteenth birthday, and was allowed to rise above the surface.

When she came back, she had hundreds of things to tell to the others. But the most wonderful of all, she said, was to lie in the moonlight on a sandbank in the calm sea, gazing at the huge town close to the shore, where the lights twinkled like hundreds of stars; to listen to the music and the church bells, and to the noise and stir of carriages and people. But just because she could not get there, that was the very thing the mermaid longed to do most of all.

Oh, how eagerly the youngest sister listened; and whenever after this she stood at the open window in the evening looking up through the deep blue sea, she thought of the great town with its noise and bustle, and seemed to hear the sound of church bells coming right down to her.

The following year, the second sister was allowed to rise up through the waves. She reached the surface just at sunset, and that sight was the most magnificent she had ever seen. The heavens looked like liquid gold, she told them, and the clouds, well, she never tired of describing their beauty--all rosy-red and violet as they sailed over her. Faster than the clouds, like a long white veil flung out toward the sky, a flock of wild swans flew away over the water beyond which the sun was setting. She swam toward the sun, but it sank, and the rosy tint faded away from sea and cloud.

The year after that, the third sister went up; she was the most daring of them, so she swam up a broad river which flowed into the ocean. She saw beautiful green hills and vineyards, palaces and farms were faintly visible among splendid forests. In a tiny cove she found a crowd of little human children, splashing about quite naked; she wanted to go play with them, but she gave them a fright, and they ran away. Then came a little black animal--it was a dog, but she had never seen one before. It barked at her so furiously that she was frightened and took refuge in the open sea, but she could never forget the beautiful woods, the green hills and the lovely children who could swim in the water although they had no fishes' tails.

The fourth sister was not so daring; she remained far out in the stormy ocean and told her sisters that staying there was the best part of her adventures. You could see for miles and miles around, and the sky above was like a great glass dome. She had seen ships, but only far, far away; they looked like sea gulls. The amusing dolphins had turned somersaults, and the gigantic whales had spouted water through their nostrils, giving the effect of hundreds of fountains playing.

Now it was the turn of the fifth sister. Her birthday happened to be in the winter, so she saw things which none of the others had seen when they first went up to the surface. The sea was quite green, and large icebergs were floating about; they looked like pearls, she said. They appeared in the most wonderful shapes and sparkled like diamonds. She sat down on one of the largest, and every ship gave it a wide berth when the sailors saw her sitting there with her long hair floating in the wind. Late in the evening, the sky became overcast, thunder crashed and lightning stabbed the sky, while the black waves lifted the huge icebergs high up on their crests. Sails were furled on all the ships, the sailors stood in fear and trembling, but she sat quietly on her floating iceberg, watching the blue lightning flash in zigzags down into the shining sea.

The first time the sisters rose above the water, they were all delighted with the new and beautiful things they had seen, but as they were now grown up and were allowed to go up to the surface whenever they liked, they lost interest in it. They longed for their home, and after a month had gone by, each said that no place was more delightful than the bottom of the

sea--besides, one felt so comfortably at home there.

Many an evening the five sisters would appear on the surface arm in arm. They had beautiful voices, more beautiful than those of any human beings, and when storms threatened to wreck the ships, the mermaids would swim in front of them. They sang their most seductive songs of the wonders in the depths of the sea and tried to persuade the people not to be afraid of coming down to them. But the seafarers could not understand them; they thought it was the storm they heard. Nor did they ever see the promised splendors, for when the ships sank, they drowned, and never reached the palace of the Sea King alive.

At night, when the sisters rose up through the water, the youngest remained behind quite alone, gazing after them. She would have wept, but a mermaid has no tears, and so she suffers all the more.

"Oh, if I were only fifteen!" she said. "I know I shall love that Upper World!"

At last she, too, reached the age of fifteen.

"Well, now we are getting you off our hands," said her grandmother, the old Dowager Queen. "Come here, let me dress you up like your sisters!" And she put a wreath of white lilies on her head, but each petal was formed of half a pearl; then the old Queen made eight large oysters fasten themselves to the Princess' tail to show her high rank.

"Oh, how it hurts!" said the little mermaid.

"Well, one must suffer to be beautiful," declared her grandmother.

The youngest mermaid would gladly have shaken off all this finery and laid aside the heavy wreath. The red flowers in her garden suited her much better, but she did not dare to change. "Good-bye, good-bye," she said and she rose up through the waters.

The sun had just set when her head appeared above the surface, but the clouds were still tinted with rose and gold, and in the pink-flushed sky the evening star twinkled bright and clear. The air was mild and fresh and the sea dead calm. She saw a big three-masted ship with only a single sail set, for not a breath of wind stirred, and sailors were sitting on the rigging.

She heard music and singing on board the ship, and as the

darkness was gathering, hundreds of colored lanterns were lighted; they looked like the flags of every nation waving in the air. The little mermaid swam right up to the porthold of the cabin, and every time the swell lifted her, she could see crowds of people in evening dress, but the handsomest of them all was a young Prince with great coal-black eyes. He could hardly have been more than sixteen years old; it was his birthday, and that was the reason for the party. The sailors danced on deck, and when the Prince appeared among them, hundreds of rockets shot up into the air, turning night to day and frightening the little mermaid so much that she had to dive under the water; but she soon ventured to put her head up again, and it looked as if all the stars were falling down to her from the sky. Never had she seen such a display. It was so light on board ship that one could see every rope, to say nothing of the people. Oh, how handsome the young Prince was, laughing and smiling while the music rang out in the beauty of the night.

It got quite late, but the little mermaid could not turn her eyes away from the ship and the beautiful Prince. The colored lanterns were put out, no more rockets shot up through the air, no more guns were fired, but deep down in the sea there was a dull humming and rumbling. The water was lifting her up and down so that she could look into the cabin, but the ship started to move, sail after sail opened to the wind, the waves grew mightier, great clouds gathered, and lightning flashed along the horizon. Oh, there was terrible weather ahead, so the sailors furled the sails. The great ship plowed on, pitching and tossing in the angry sea; waves, like enormous black mountains, were threatening to crash down upon the mast, but the ship disappeared like a swan in the trough of the waves and was lifted again the next moment to the top of their towering crests. The ship creaked and groaned, the planks cracked under the blows of the waves, the mast broke in two like a reed, and the ship rolled over so far that water rushed into the hold.

Then the little mermaid saw that the people were in peril, while she herself had to beware of the beams and pieces of wreckage which were floating about in the sea. At one moment it was pitch-dark and she could see nothing at all; then there came a flash of lightning which lit up everything on

110

board. She looked particularly for the young Prince, and when the ship split apart, she saw him sink into the sea. Her first impulse was one of joy because he was coming down to her, but then she remembered that human beings could not live under the water and that he could not come alive down to her father's palace. No, die he must not! So she swam in among the drifting beams and planks, quite forgetting that they might crush her. She dived deep into the sea, rose high up again among the waves and at last reached the young Prince who could hardly keep on swimming in the stormy ocean. His arms and legs were beginning to fail him, his beautiful eyes were closing, he would have died had not the mermaid been there. She held his head above the water and let the waves carry her with him wherever they pleased.

At dawn the storm was over; not a trace of the ship was to be seen. The sun rose red and shining out of the water and seemed to bring life and color back into the Prince's cheeks, but his eyes remained closed. The mermaid kissed his high, noble brow and stroked back his wet hair. She thought he looked like the marble statue down in her little garden; she kissed him again and wished from the bottom of her heart that he might live.

In front of her she saw land, with snow-capped mountains in the distance. Near the shoreline were glorious green forests, and close by was a church or a convent--she could not be certain just what it was. Lemon and orange trees grew in the garden, and outside the gate were tall palm trees. There the sea had formed a cove where the fine white sand had been washed up. She swam toward it with the handsome Prince, and laid him on the sand with his head turned to the warm rays of the sun.

Then the bells rang out from the white building, and a group of young girls came through the garden. The little mermaid swam farther out and hid behind some large rocks, covering her hair and breast with sea foam so that no one could catch sight of her face, and then kept watch to see who would come to the rescue of the poor shipwrecked Prince.

It was not long before one of the young girls arrived. For a moment, she seemed quite frightened, but she ran for help, and the mermaid saw the Prince come to and smile at those

who stood around him. But he did not smile at her far out in the sea, for he did not know that she had saved him. She felt very sad, and when he was carried into the great building, she dived sorrowfully down into the depths of the water and returned to her father's palace. There her sisters asked what she had seen on her first visit to the surface, but she would tell them nothing.

Many an evening and many a morning she rose up to the place where she had left the Prince. She saw how the fruit in the garden ripened and was gathered, how the snow melted on the distant mountains, but she never saw the Prince, so she would return home sadder than before. Her only consolation was to sit in her little garden and throw her arms around the beautiful marble statue which was so like him. She neglected her flowers, and they grew into a wilderness all over the paths and wove their long stems and leaves in and out of the branches of the trees until the whole place was shrouded in darkness.

When she could endure it no longer, she confided in one of her sisters. At once the others knew about it, but nobody else--except for a few more mermaids who told just their most intimate friends. One of them knew who the Prince was; she too had seen the party held in his honor and heard where his kingdom lay.

"Come, little sister," said the other Princesses, and with their arms about each other's shoulders, they rose in a long line up through the water opposite the place where they knew the Prince's palace stood.

It was built of a kind of pale yellow stone, with a great flight of marble steps leading down to the sea. Splendid gilded cupolas were seen above the roof, and in between the pillars surrounding the whole building stood marble statues which looked as if they were alive. Through the clear glass windows one looked into magnificent halls where costly silk curtains and tapestries were hung and where all the walls were covered with large paintings. In the middle of the biggest hall a great fountain was playing, its jets soaring high up toward the glass dome through which the sun shone down upon the water and upon the beautiful plants growing in the great basin.

Now she knew where he lived, and many an evening and

112

many a night she haunted the palace. She swam much closer to land than any of her sisters had dared to do, and she even went up the narrow creek running under the splendid balcony which cast its long shadow upon the water. Here she would sit and gaze at the young Prince, who thought he was quite alone in the bright moonlight.

Often in the evening she saw him sailing to the sound of music in a splendid new ship with waving flags. She peeped through the reeds, and if the wind caught her long silver-white veil, those who saw it thought it was a swan spreading its wings.

Many a night she heard the fishermen praising the young Prince and rejoiced that she had saved his life. She thought how closely his head had rested on her bosom and how lovingly she had kissed him, though he knew nothing about it and could not even dream of her.

She became more and more fond of human beings, and more and more did she long to be among them. Their world seemed much larger than her own: they were able to fly over the sea in ships and climb the lofty mountains; the lands they possessed stretched farther than her eyes could reach. There was so much she wanted to know, but her sisters could not answer all her questions, so she asked her old grandmother who knew so well that Upper World, as she rightly called the countries above the sea.

"If human beings aren't drowned," asked the little mermaid, "can they live forever? Don't they die as we do down here in the depths of the sea?"

"Yes," answered the old lady, "they must die too, and their lifetime is even shorter than ours. We can live to be three hundred years old, but when we cease to exist, we turn into foam on the water and so we don't even have a grave down here among our dear ones. We have no immortal soul, we never have another life; we are like the green reed--once it is cut, it never grows again. Human beings, on the contrary, have a soul which lives forever, which lies after the body has turned to dust. It rises up through the limpid air, up to the shining stars! Just as we rise out of the water and see the countries of the earth, so do they rise up to unknown beautiful regions which we shall never be able to see."

"Why were we not granted an immortal soul?" asked the little mermaid in a melancholy voice. "I know that I would gladly give the three hundred years I have to live if I could be a human being for only one single day, and then have some part in that heavenly world!"

"You must not brood over that," said her grandmother. We have a much happier life than the people up there."

"So I am fated to die and float like foam upon the sea? Can I do nothing to win an immortal soul?"

"No," answered the old lady, "that could only happen if a human being held you so dear that you were more to him than father and mother. If he loved you with all his heart and soul and if his right hand were joined to yours by a monk, with the promise to be faithful to you here and in all eternity, then his soul would pass into your body and you would have a share in the happiness of mankind. He would give you a soul and yet retain his own. But that can never happen. The very thing that is considered beautiful here in the sea--your fish's tail--is considered ugly on the earth. People have very poor judgment indeed; they have two clumsy supports which they call 'legs,' and think them beautiful."

Then the little mermaid sighed, and looked sadly at her fish's tail.

"Come, let us be happy!" said her grandmother. "Let us leap and jump about during the three hundred years we have to live; that seems a fair enough amount of time. After that we can rest the more merrily. Tonight we are giving a court ball."

Truly it was a magnificent affair such as one never sees on earth. The walls and ceiling of the great ballroom were made of thick, transparent glass. In rows on each side stood several hundred gigantic shells, rose-red and grass-green; a blue fire was burning in each--they lit up the entire room and, shining through the walls, lit up the sea as well. Innumerable fishes, great and small, could be seen swimming near the glass walls; some had scales gleaming scarlet while others shone just like silver and gold. Down through the middle of the hall there flowed a broad stream on which the mermen and mermaids danced to their own beautiful singing. No voices such as theirs are ever heard among people of the earth. The little mermaid sang more beautifully than anyone else. Everyone applauded

her, and for a moment her heart was filled with joy, for she knew she had the loveliest voice of all, on the earth or in the sea. But she could not forget the handsome Prince nor her sorrow at not having an immortal soul. So she stole out of her father's palace and, while everything within was joy and gaity, sat sadly outside in her little garden.

Suddenly she heard bugles sounding down through the water and she thought: He is sailing up there, he whom I love more than my father or grandmother, he to whom my thoughts are clinging and in whose hands I would gladly place the happiness of my life. I will risk everything in my world to win him and an immortal soul. While my sisters are dancing in my father's palace, I shall go to see the old Sea Witch. She has always terrified me, but perhaps now she can advise and help me.

So she left her garden and set out toward the roaring whirlpools, for beyond them lived the witch. The little mermaid had never been that way before. No flowers grew there. Only the bare, gray sandy bottom stretched as far as the whirlpools which swirled around like roaring mill wheels, sweeping everything within reach down into the fathomless sea. She had to pass right through those crushing, whirling waters to enter the territory of the Sea Witch; then for a long way the only road went over a hot, bubbling morass--her peat bog, as the witch called it. Behind it lay her house, in the midst of a strange-looking forest. All the trees and bushes were polyps--half animal and half plant. They looked like hundred-headed snakes growing out of the ground. The branches were long slimy arms with slithery wormlike fingers, moving joint by joint from the root up to the very tip. They twined around anything they could reach, never loosening their grip. Terror stricken, the little mermaid stopped on the edge of this forest. Her heart beat faster with fear and she almost turned back, but then she thought of the Prince and of the human soul, and her courage returned. She bound her long flowing hair tightly around her head so that the polyps might not seize her by it, she folded her arms closely across her breast and darted off as a fish darts through the water, in among the hideous polyps which stretched out their supple arms and fingers to catch her. She saw how each of them clung tightly to something it had

caught.

People who had perished at sea and sunk deep down to the bottom were visible as white human bones among the arms of the polyps. The polyps also clutched ships' rudders, sea chests and skeletons of land animals, and, most horrible of all, she even saw a little mermaid whom they had caught and strangled.

She came next to a great slimy clearing in the forest, where big fat water snakes writhed and rolled, showing their ugly yellowish-white bellies. In the center of the clearing was a house built of the bones of shipwrecked men; there sat the Sea Witch, letting a toad feed out of her mouth exactly as we let a canary eat sugar. She called the hideous, fat water snakes her little chickens and let them creep and crawl over her great spongy bosom.

"I know what you want," said the Sea Witch. "It is very foolish of you, for it will bring trouble upon you, my pretty one, but all the same you shall have your way. You want to get rid of your fish's tail and to have two bits of stumps to walk with instead, like the people of the earth, so that the young Prince will fall in love with you and you will win both him and an immortal soul."

Here the witch let out a laugh so loud and so ghastly that the toad and the snakes she had been fondling rumbled down to the ground, where they lay wallowing about.

"You have just come in time," said the witch. "Had you waited until sunrise tomorrow, I could not have helped you for a whole year. I am going to brew a potion for you. Before the sun rises, you must swim to land with it, sit down on the shore and drink it. Then your tail will part in two and shrink to what the people of earth call 'pretty legs,' but it will hurt as if a sharp sword were cutting through you. Everybody who sees you will say that you are the prettiest human being they have ever seen. You are to keep your gliding motion, no dancer will be able to move as gracefully as you, but at every step it will feel as if you were treading on a sharp-edged knife, so sharp that your feet will seem to be bleeding."

She paused for a moment, then went on, "If you can bear all this, I shall be able to help you."

"I can," said the little mermaid in a quivering voice, and she

thought of the Prince and of winning an immortal soul.

"But remember," said the witch, "once you have taken human shape, you can never become a mermaid again. You can never return to your father's palace, and if you do not win the love of the Prince, so that for your sake he forgets father and mother and clings to you with heart and soul and lets the monk join your hands, making you man and wife, then you will not win an immortal soul. On the very morning after he has married someone else, your heart will break and you will become foam on the sea."

"I am willing," said the little mermaid, who was as pale as death.

"But you will also have to pay me," said the witch, "and it is not a trifle that I require. You have the most beautiful voice of anyone down here in the depths of the sea. You think that you will be able to charm the Prince with it, but you must give that voice to me. I want the best thing you possess in exchange for my precious potion. I must drop some of my own blood into it so that the draught may be as sharp as a two-edged sword."

"But if you take my voice," said the mermaid, "what shall I have left?"

"Your beautiful form," said the witch, "gliding motion and your eloquent eyes--they will be enough for you to beguile any human heart.

"Well," she went on after a moment, "have you lost your courage? Put out your little tongue, and I will cut it out and take it as my payment, and you shall have the potent draught in return."

"So be it," said the little mermaid, and the witch put her caldron on the fire to brew the magic draught. "Cleanliness is a good thing," she said, and she scoured out the caldron with the snakes that she had tied up into a knot. Then she made a cut in her finger and let her black blood drip into the caldron. The witch kept on throwing in different ingredients, and when the mixture finally started to bubble it sounded like a crocodile sobbing. The steam coming from the caldron shaped itself into the most terrifying and horrible forms. When at last the potion was ready, it looked as clear as the clearest water.

"There you are," said the witch, and she cut out the tongue of the little mermaid. Now she had become mute and could

neither sing nor speak.

"If the polyps should clutch you when you are on your way back through my forest," said the witch, "just throw one single drop of this draught upon each of them, and their arms and fingers will scatter into a thousand pieces."

But there was no need for the little mermaid to do that--the polyps shrank back in terror when they saw the shining potion gleaming in her hand like a twinkling star; thus she passed quickly through the forest, the bog and the roaring whirlpools.

She could see her father's palace. The torches had been extinguished in the great ballroom; her family were probably all asleep, but she had not the courage to approach them now that she was mute and was leaving them forever.

It seemed as if her heart was going to break with sorrow. She stole into the garden, picked one flower from each of her sisters' flower beds, blew a thousand kisses toward her home and rose up through the deep blue sea.

It was not yet sunrise when she saw the Prince's palace and went up the stately marble steps. The moon was still shining beautifully clear. The little mermaid drank the sharp, burning draught given her by the witch, and she felt as if a two-edged sword had cut through her delicate body; she swooned with agony and lay as if she were dead.

When the sun spread its rays over the sea she awoke and felt a stinging pain, but before her stood the handsome young Prince. He fixed his coal-black eyes upon her, and under his gaze she lowered her eyes and saw that her fish's tail had gone and that she had the prettiest pair of white legs any young girl could desire; but her body was naked, so she veiled herself with her long thick hair.

The Prince asked who she was and how she had come there, and she looked up at him with her dark blue eyes, so mild and yet so full of sadness, for she could not speak. Then he took her by the hand and let her into the palace.

As the witch had foretold, she seemed at each step to be treading on sharp knives and pointed daggers, but she bore the pain gladly. Led by the Prince, she moved lightly as a bubble, and he and everyone else marveled at her graceful gliding motion.

They clad her in costly robes of silk and muslin. She was the

fairest of all in the palace, but she was mute and could neither speak nor sing. Beautiful slave girls, dressed in silk and gold, came before them and sang for the Prince and his royal parents. One of them sang more delightfully than any of the others, and the Prince clapped his hands and smiled at her, which saddened the little mermaid, for she knew that she herself used to sing far more beautifully; and she thought, Oh, if he only knew that I gave away my voice forever in order to be with him!

The slave girls now danced gracefully to the accompaniment of the loveliest music imaginable, and then the little mermaid lifted her pretty white arms and, rising on the tips of her toes, flitted across the floor, dancing as no one had ever danced before. With each of her movements her beauty became more and more evident, and her eyes spoke more deeply to the heart than the song of the slave girls.

Everyone was enchanted, especially the Prince, who called her his own little foundling. And she danced again and again, though every time her foot touched the ground it seemed to her as if she were treading on sharp knives.

The Prince said that she must always remain with him, and she was allowed to sleep on a velvet cushion outside his door.

He had a page's dress made for her, so that she might accompany him on horseback. They rode through the fragrant woods, where the green boughs brushed her shoulders and the little birds sang hidden among the leaves.

She climbed the highest mountains in the kingdom with the Prince, and though her delicate feet bled so that even the others in the group noticed it, she only laughed and followed him until they could see the clouds moving far below them like flocks of birds on their way to distant lands.

At night, when the others were asleep in the Prince's palace, she would go out onto the broad marble steps and cool her burning feet in the cold seawater, and then she would think of her dear ones in the depths of the sea.

One night her sisters appeared arm in arm, singing mournful songs as they swam along. She beckoned to them and they recognized her and told her how much she had grieved them all. They visited the little mermaid every night after that and once, in the far, far distance, she saw her old grandmother,

who had not been above the water for many years, and the Sea King with his crown upon his head. They stretched out their hands toward her, but did not venture so near the land as her sisters.

Day by day she grew dearer to the Prince. He loved her as one loves a good child, but had no thought of making her his Queen. Yet his wife she must be, or she could never win an immortal soul, but would become merely a cloud of foam on the sea the morning after he wed another.

"Am I not dearer to you than anyone else?" her eyes seemed to ask, when he took her in his arms and kissed her fair brow.

"Yes, you are the dearest of all to me," said the Prince, "for you have the kindest heart of all. You are more devoted to me than anyone else, and you look like a young girl whom I once saw, but whom I shall probably never see again. I was on board a ship which was wrecked; the waves carried me ashore near a holy temple where a group of young maidens were serving. The youngest of them found me and saved my life. I saw her but twice. She is the only one in the world I could ever love, but you look so much like her that you almost take the place of her image in my heart. She belongs to that holy temple, and therefore destiny sent you to me. We will never part."

Alas, he does not know that I saved his life, thought the little mermaid. It was I who carried him over the water to the forest where the temple stands. I stayed hidden in the foam to see if anyone would come. I saw the pretty maiden whom he loves better than me. And she gave a deep sigh--for as a mermaid she had no tears. The maiden belongs to the holy temple, he tells me, she will never come out into the world, so they will never meet again. I am with him, I see him every day. I will cherish him, love him and give up my life to him.

But soon it was rumored that the Prince was going to marry the beautiful daughter of a neighboring King, and that was why he was fitting out such a splendid ship. They said that the Prince was paying a state visit to the country of that King, but the real reason was to see the King's daughter. He was to have a great entourage with him.

The little mermaid shook her head and laughed, for she knew the Prince's thoughts far better than anyone else.

"I must go away," he had said to her. "I must go and see the

beautiful Princess--my parents insist upon it; but they will not compel me to bring her home as my bride. I cannot love her! She is not like the beautiful maiden in the temple or as you are. If I ever had to choose a bride, I would sooner choose you, my dear mute foundling with the speaking eyes." And he kissed her red lips, played with her long hair and laid his head on her heart, so that she dreamed of human happiness and an immortal soul.

"I hope you are not afraid of the sea, my poor mute child," he said, when they stood on the splendid ship which was to carry him to the country of the neighboring King. Then he told her of storm and calm at sea, of strange fishes in the depths of the ocean and what divers had seen down there, and she smiled at his description, for she knew more than anyone else about the bottom of the sea.

In the moonlit night, when all were asleep except the helmsman at the wheel, she sat by the rail and, gazing down through the water, she fancied she could see her father's palace. On the top stood her old grandmother with a silver crown on her head, gazing at the keel of the ship through the fast-flowing current. Then her sisters came up above the water and looked at her with deep sorrow in their eyes and wrung their white hands. She beckoned to them, smiling, and tried to make them understand that she was well and happy, but when the cabin boy came toward her, her sisters dived down again, so he felt quite certain that the gleam of white he had seen was nothing but foam.

Next morning the ship sailed into the harbor of the neighboring King's magnificent city. All the church bells rang, and from the tall towers trumpets were blown, while the soldiers stood at attention with flying colors and glittering bayonets. Each day brought new festivity, balls and parties were given all the time, but the Princess had not yet arrived. People said she was being brought up in a holy temple, where she was learning every royal accomplishment. At last she appeared on the scene.

The little mermaid waited anxiously to see her beauty, and she had to admit that she had never seen a more graceful form. The Princess' skin was fine and delicate, and behind the long dark eyelashes smiled a pair of dark blue eyes, full of devotion.

"It is you! You who saved me when I lay like a corpse on the shore!" said the Prince, and he clasped his blushing bride-to-be in his arms. "Oh, I am more than happy!" he said to the little mermaid. "My dearest wish, the thing I have never dared to hope for, has been granted me. You will rejoice in my happiness, for you are more devoted to me than anyone else." Then the little mermaid kissed his hand, and already her heart seemed to be breaking. The morning after his wedding would bring death to her and change her to foam on the sea.

All the church bells rang out; heralds rode about the streets and proclaimed the betrothal. On every alter fragrant oil was burning in costly silver lamps. The priests swung their censers, and bride and bridegroom joined hands and received the bishop's blessing. The little mermaid, clad all in silk and gold, was holding the bride's train, but her ears heard nothing of the festive music, her eyes saw nothing of the holy ceremony; she thought of the last night she had to live and of all she had lost in this world.

That very evening, bride and bridegroom went on board the ship. Cannons were fired, banners fluttered in the wind, and in the middle of the ship a royal tent of gold and purple was set up, furnished with great sumptuous cushions on which the bridal couple were to sleep in the calm, cool night.

The sails swelled out in the breeze, and the ship glided smoothly and without any perceptible motion over the limpid sea.

When it grew dark, colored lanterns were lighted, and the sailors danced merry dances on the deck. The little mermaid could not help thinking of the first time she rose to the surface of the sea and saw a similar sight of splendor and joy. Light as a swallow in full flight she joined in the dance, and to the sound of cheers and shouting danced as she had never danced before. Her delicate feet seemed to be cut by sharp knives, but the anguish of her heart was so great that she did not feel the pain. She knew only that this was the last evening she was ever to see the Prince, for whom she had forsaken her people and her home, had given up her beautiful voice to the Sea Witch and had daily suffered untold agony, while he remained unaware of it all.

The gaiety and merriment lasted until long past midnight,

and the little mermaid laughed and danced like the others, but with the thought of death in her heart. The Prince kissed his beautiful bride, and she played with his black hair, and arm in arm they went to rest in the splendid tent.

A hushed silence fell upon the ship; only the helmsman stood at the wheel. The little mermaid laid her white arms on the rail and gazed toward the east, waiting to see the red tinge of the dawn--the first rays of the sun, she knew, would kill her. Then she saw her sisters rising out of the sea; they were pale like herself, their long, beautiful hair no longer fluttered in the wind--it had all been cut off.

"We have given it to the witch so that she may give you help and save you from dying before dawn. She has given us a knife, look, here it is! Do you see its sharp edge? Before the sun rises you must plunge it into the Prince's heart, and when his warm blood splashes over your feet, they will grow into a fish's tail, and you will become a mermaid again; you will be able to come down to us in the water and live your three hundred years before you turn into dead salt sea foam. Make haste! Either he or you must die before the sun rises. Our old grandmother has been mourning till her white hair has fallen out as ours fell under the witch's scissors. Kill the Prince and come back! Make haste! Do you see that red streak in the sky? In a few minutes the sun will rise and you must die!" Having said this, they uttered a strange deep sigh and disappeared in the waves.

The little mermaid drew back the purple curtains of the tent and saw the beautiful bride sleeping with her head on the Prince's breast. She bent down and kissed him on his fair brow, then she looked up at the sky where the first faint flush of dawn became brighter and brighter. She looked at the sharp knife and again fixed her eyes on the Prince, who in his sleep was murmuring the name of his bride. She and only she was in his thoughts. The knife quivered in the mermaid's hand, but then--she flung it far out into the waves! They gleamed red where it fell; it seemed as if drops of blood were bubbling up through the water. Once more she looked with dimming eyes upon the Prince. Then she threw herself from the ship into the water, and felt her body dissolving into foam.

The sun rose out of the sea. Its rays fell mild and warm upon the death-cold sea foam, and the little mermaid felt not the

hand of Death. She saw bright sun, and above her floated hundreds of beautiful ethereal beings, so transparent that through them she could see the white sails of the ship and the rosy clouds of the sky; their voices were music, but so unearthly that no human ear could grasp it, just as no human eye could see their forms. Without wings they floated by their own lightness through the air. The little mermaid saw that she too had a body like theirs, and that it was gradually freeing itself more and more from the foam.

"Toward whom am I floating?" she asked, and her voice sounded like that of the other beings, so ethereal that no earthly music could possibly render it.

"To the daughters of the air," answered the others. "The mermaid has no immortal soul and can never gain one unless she wins the love of a human being. Her eternal life depends upon a power outside herself. The daughters of the air have no immortal souls either, but they can gain one by their good deeds. We fly to the hot countries where torrid air of pestilence kills men; we bring cool breezes to them, we spread the fragrance of flowers through the air and send to them solace and healing. When we have tried for three hundred years to do all the good we can, we receive an immortal soul and share in the everlasting happiness of mankind. You, poor little mermaid, have tried with your whole heart to do the same. By your sufferings and by your courage in enduring them, you have raised yourself into the world of the spirits of the air, and now you can gain an immortal soul by good deeds accomplished in the course of three hundred years."

The little mermaid raised her translucent arms toward God's sun, and for the first time she felt tears in her eyes.

Noise and bustle had started again on the ship. She saw the Prince and his beautiful wife searching for her; then they gazed with sorrow in their hearts at the bubbling foam, as if they knew that she had thrown herself into the waves.

Invisible by now, the little mermaid kissed the bride on her forehead, smiled at the Prince and soared with the other children of the air toward the rose-colored cloud floating through space.

"In this way we shall float into the Heavenly Kingdom in three hundred years."

"We may even reach it sooner," whispered one of them. "Invisibly we float into the houses of human beings where there are children, and for every day on which we find a good child who brings joy to his parents and deserves their love, our time of probation is shortened by God. The child is unaware of it when we float through the room, and if we smile at him in our joy, one year is taken from the three hundred. But if we see a bad and naughty child, then we must weep tears of sorrow over him, and every tear adds one day to our time of probation."

The Troll's Daughter

nce upon a time there was a young man who went out into the world to seek his fortune. But he hadn't gone far when he met a rich and prosperous looking man.

"Whither away, young fellow?" asked the man. "Are you bound up or down or over or under?"

"I'm out to seek my fortune wherever it takes me," replied the lad.

"Well, then," said the man, "you can seek it with me, for I need just such a fellow as you. And I will pay you good wages, too---one bushel of money the first year, two bushels the second, and three the third. But you must promise to stay the full three years, and you must do everything I ask, no matter how unpleasant you find it, for otherwise I will have to discharge you and you'll earn not a penny for all your pains."

"I'm not afraid of hard work, and little else would be painful," said the lad, and so the bargain was agreed to, and he went home with the man. It was a strange place, not at all like your house or mine, set inside a hill in the middle of a wild forest, and the man was strange, too, for all he looked so rich and prosperous. In fact, he was not a man at all, but a great and powerful troll, and he had dreadful power over both men and animals.

It was now too late for the lad to worry about the company he was in, however, and so he put it out of his mind, and ate well and slept well, and then in the morning was ready for work.

"You must first feed all my animals," said the troll. "And though there's a whole forestful of them, and the barns are a mile long and a mile underground, still you must finish the task in one day."

"I will do what I can," said the lad, and he set to work at once.

The barns were filled to the brim with deer and bears and wolves and hares, all enchanted by the troll, and hungry enough to eat the lad. But he worked with might and main, and by night the task was all finished.

"Well," said the troll, "I don't see how you did it, but now that it's done, you deserve a good supper and a good night's rest, so take them and welcome to them."

The lad ate well and slept well, and in the morning the troll said to him, "The animals are not to be fed today, for you did extra well by them yesterday, and there's no need to spoil them. Now you may play and do as you please till it's time to feed them again."

"Thank you," said the lad. "That will be fine, indeed."

But as he turned to leave, the troll caught him by the collar and cried,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a hare and do not fumble,"

and there and then the boy was changed into a hare, and jumping away from the troll, he went leaping into the forest.

But he had little fun in the forest for he was the first and only animal seen there in a long, long time, and as soon as the hunters heard of him, they tried to catch him. They had no luck, however, for his legs were long and his eyes were sharp, and he managed to keep well out of their reach. In this way a year and a day went by, and then the troll called him home again.

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble.

said the troll, and in a second the lad had his own shape again.

"Well," said the troll, "now that you're back safe and sound, how did you like the life of a hare?"

"I like it well enough," said the boy. "I could run faster and leap farther than ever before."

"But of course you've no wish to serve me another year," said the troll.

"I have, indeed," said the boy. "Life isn't all beer and skittles whether you're man or mouse."

"Very well," said the troll. "Now it is time to feed the animals

again, and though they have not been fed for a year and are powerfully hungry, still you must finish the task in a day."

"I will do what I can," answered the lad. Then he went to the stables which were now two miles underground and two miles long, and he worked with might and main feeding the deer and the bears and the wolves and the hares, and by night all the work was done.

"Well," said the troll, "I don't see how you did it, but as long as it's done, you deserve a good supper and a good night's rest, so take them and welcome to them."

The boy ate well and slept well, and in the morning the troll said, "The animals are not to be fed today, for you did extra well by them yesterday, and there's no need to spoil them. Now you may play and do as you please till it's time to work again."

"Thank you," said the lad. "That will be fine, indeed."

But before he could leave, the troll had him by the collar and cried,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a bird and do not fumble,"

and there and then the boy became a raven, and away he flew into the air.

"This will be ever so much better than being a hare," said the boy. "I can fly fast and far, and I'll see a good bit of the world."

But things were little better really, for no sooner did he show himself on the edge of the forest than the hunters were after him with their guns, and he had to stay well hidden in the trees. The time went by, however, and when a year and a day were up, the troll called the lad home again.

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble,"

said the troll, and in a moment the boy was himself again.

"Well," said the troll, "now that you're back safe and sound, how did you like the life of a raven?"

"Quite nicely, thank you," said the lad. "I could never have flown through the air if I had been a mere boy."

"But of course you're not willing to stay another year," said the troll.

"Yes, indeed I am," replied the lad. "Money doesn't come easy, and I may as well earn it serving you as another."

"Very well," said the troll. "Now you must feed the animals again, and though they have not been fed for a year and are powerfully hungry, still you must finish the task in a day."

"I will do what I can," said the lad. Then he went to the barns which were now three miles underground and three miles long, and he worked with might and main feeding the deer and the bears and the wolves and the hares, and by night all the work was done.

"Well," said the troll, "I don't see how you did it, but as long as it's done, you deserve a good supper and a good night's rest, so take them and welcome to them."

The lad ate well and slept well, and in the morning the troll said, "You are not to feed the animals today for they're still full from yesterday, and there's no need to stuff them. Now you may play and roam about at will."

"Thank you," said the lad. "That will be fine, indeed."

But before he could turn round, the troll caught him by the collar and cried,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a fish and do not fumble,"

and there and then the boy was changed into a herring, and giving a great leap, he jumped into a nearby stream.

"This will be a great sport," thought the boy. "I'll swim all day from morning till night."

But it was scarcely any sport at all, for he was the only fish that had been in the water for years, and at sight of him, the fishermen took out their lines and nets and tried to catch him. But they had no luck, for with his quick fins and his clever head, he managed to keep out of their reach, and presently he left the stream and swam down to the sea.

He swam far out, and there he came to a beautiful glass castle that rested on the bottom of the sea. The rooms were made of white whalebone inlaid with gold and pearls, the floors were hung with delicate seaweed. In a courtyard grew tiny shell-flowers and tall shell-trees, and a little fountain flowed up from a snail's shell and fell down on little bells of coral, making lovely tinkling music that filled the whole castle and all the ocean round it.

But the loveliest sight of all was a young girl dressed in robes of rainbow silk and wearing a crown on her long yellow hair.

She went from room to room among the beautiful furnishings, her silken robes flowing behind her like sparkling water, and the boy had never seen anything so beautiful in all his days.

The girl seemed lonely, however, for there was no one else in the castle, and as she walked about, she stopped often to gaze into one of the many mirrors that hung from ceiling to floor, or to look out through the castle's glass walls and into the ocean beyond.

"Well," said the lad as he swam round and round admiring her, "I think the princess would like a little company, and if I were only a man instead of a fish, I could go in and pay her a

call. But perhaps I can think of the troll's words and make myself a boy again." Then he thought hard, and in a moment the troll's words came to him.

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble,"

he cried, and in a trice he was his own self and went hurrying into the castle and straight up to the young princess.

He gave her a greeting, and this frightened her quite out of her wits, for she hadn't seen a soul in ever so long. But she soon recovered, and when the lad told her his story, she was most happy to see him. They played together all day long, building little houses of shells, and looking for pearls, and making music on the coral bells. And in the evening the princess cooked dumplings and tarts for the lad, and he slept on a bed of moss, and was lulled to sleep by the sound of the sea. In this way the time quickly passed, and when a year and a day were almost up, the princess said to the boy,

"It is time for you to leave me, so turn back into a fish again and be ready to answer the troll's call."

"But I do not wish to leave you," said the lad.

"Nor do I wish to leave you," said the princess, "But go you must, for my father, you see, is the troll whom you serve, and if he should catch you here, there would be trouble indeed. He has hidden me under the water so that no one can find me and take me away from him, and if he saw you here, he would chop off your head at once."

"The troll is cruel and selfish," said the lad.

"Alas, that is true," said the princess. "But don't be downcast, dear lad, for I think I have found a way to trick my father and bring us together again.'

"Then let me hear it at once," said the lad.

"Well," said the princess," the king who lives next to my father is in debt to him, and as he cannot pay in a month and a day, he will lose his head when the time is up."

"That is indeed sad," said the boy.

"But you can help him, and thus help us, too," said the princess. "Now what you must do is to leave my father, taking with you the six bushels of money which are due you, and go straight to the next kingdom. There you must enter the service of the king, and when a month and a day are up, and the king is

moaning and groaning and ready to lose his head, then you must tell him you know what is troubling him, and you must offer to lend him the money on condition that you may go with him dressed as a fool in cap and bells.

"This the king will be glad to allow, and when you are on your way, you must caper about with all kinds of nonsense and tomfoolery, and upon reaching my father's palace, you must be ever so careless, rattling doors, and breaking windows and furniture. This will anger my father no end, and since the king must be responsible for any damage his fool does, my father will demand that the king answer four questions or lose his life.

"The first question will be, 'Where dwells my fair daughter?' But the king, of course, will have no answer, and then you must come forth and say, 'Your daughter dwells far, far away on the bottom of the sea.'

"That will be true, and then my father will ask, 'Would you know my daughter if you saw her?' and you must say, 'I would know her in the dark with my eyes closed tight.'

"Then my father will bring forth a thousand and one maidens and you will have to choose the one that is I. But we will all look alike and you can never choose the right one in a million years, so I will have to help you a bit. I will touch you as I walk by, and then you can seize me and shout, 'Here is your daughter.'

"This will take care of the second question, and the third question will be, 'Where has my heart been hidden?' To this you must say, 'Your heart is hidden in a fish,' and then my father will ask, 'Would you know that fish if you saw it?' and you must answer, 'I would know that fish in the dark with my eyes shut tight.'

"At this my father will command a thousand and one fish to come forth and you will have to choose the one that holds his heart. But as they will all look alike, you can never choose the right one in a million years, so I will have to help you. I will give you a little shove, and you can catch it and cut it open. That will finish the troll, and then we'll be free to do as we please."

"You are a wonderfully clever princess," said the lad.

"Not more clever than you," said the princess. "But hurry now, and change into a fish again, for there's no time to lose."

The lad did as she bid, and in a flash he was a herring again

and went swimming back into the sea.

Soon after, the troll called him home again and saying,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble,"

turned him into his own shape once more.

"Well," said the troll, "now that you're back safe and sound, how did you like being a fish?"

"I liked it best of all," said the lad. "The ocean is full of interesting things."

"Then of course you'll be glad to serve me another year," said the troll. "You will earn six bushels of money and be worth twelve."

"I do not care to stay longer," said the lad, "so I'll take my first six bushels and be on my way."

To this the troll had to agree, for a bargain is a bargain, even with trolls. The boy received his money, and with half of it tied in front and half of it tied behind, he started on his way.

After a time he came to the next kingdom, and when he had safely hidden his money, he sought service with the king.

"Well," said the king, "I need a lad to look after the stables. But truth to tell, it's not much I can pay you."

"It's only food and a bed I want," said the lad, and so the king gave him a place, and he worked hard in the stables but kept an eye on the king, too, and saw as the days went by, how sad and forlorn he looked.

Then when a month and a day were almost up, he went to the king and said, "You need not grieve, good king, for I know what's troubling you, and I promise to help you."

"But that is impossible," said the king. "I need six bushels of gold."

"That is just the amount I have," said the boy. "Now, in return for lending you the money, you must let me dress as your court jester and run along before you, and you must let me get into any mischief I please and not worry about it, for I give you my word that I'll be sure to save us both."

"Very well," replied the king, and the boy gave him the money, and then they made ready to go, the king wearing his best bib and tucker and the boy dressed in cap and bells.

After a goodly trip, they came to the troll's house, which now stood high above the ground and looked as splendid as a

king's castle. It was made of the finest glass, and just the touch of a finger was enough to break it. At sight of it, the boy sped ahead as fast as he could, and bumped into windows and doors, and smashed everything at a merry rate.

But the troll soon heard him and came rushing out and caught him by the heels.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he cried to the king. "You can't pay your old debts, and yet you allow your fool to make new ones! Well, we'll soon have your head for such nonsense."

"But I am quite able to pay my first debt," said the king, and he brought forth the six bushels of gold. The troll couldn't believe his eyes and measured the gold to the last ounce. It was all there, however, every penny's worth, and the troll couldn't find the least fault with it.

But there was still the damage the fool had done. He had ruined the troll's beautiful castle, and that was something not even money could pay for.

"It can only be repaid by answering four questions," said the troll, "and that, of course, you cannot do."

"His Majesty will be very glad to try," said the lad, "and I'll do what I can, too." Then he placed himself beside the king, and the troll cried, "Where dwells my fair daughter?"

"Your daughter dwells far, far away on the bottom of the sea," spoke up the boy.

"Would you know her if you saw her?" then asked the troll.

"Indeed I would," said the boy. "I would know her in the dark with my eyes closed tight. Bring her here at once."

Then the troll raised his hand, and suddenly the room was filled with beautiful, golden-haired maidens, and they passed one by one before the boy. But they all looked alike, and which was the princess he could not tell, till all at once, one of them touched him. Then he knew she was the real princess, and he caught her round the waist and cried, "Here is your daughter, Master Troll."

The troll howled, and all the other maidens disappeared into thin air, and then the lad said, "Now let us try the third question."

"You may try it, but you'll never guess it," cried the troll. "Where has my heart been hidden? That is the question."

"That is easily answered," said the lad. "Your heart is hidden in a fish, Master Troll."

"Would you know that fish if you saw it?" cried the troll.

"Indeed I would," said the lad. "I would know it in the dark with my eyes shut tight. Bring it here at once."

The troll raised his hand and the room was full of swimming fish. But they all looked alike, alas, and which one had the troll's heart, the boy could not say, till suddenly the princess squeezed his arm. Then he knew that the fish now swimming by was the one he wanted, and he reached out quickly and seized it. He cut it open, and at that moment the troll fell dead and burst into a million pieces of flint that scattered up and down the countryside and can be seen there to this day.

Then the mountain split open, and all the birds and animals that had been enchanted came out and went to live in the forest once more. The lovely glass castle rose out of the sea and settled down on the edge of the forest, and the princess and the lad were married. All the kings from ever so many kingdoms came to see them, and the common people as well. They had a great feast, and then they found all the troll's money and spent it, and they lived happily ever after.

Why the Sea is Salt

nce upon a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. Now, one Christmas eve, the poor one had not so much as a crumb in the house, either of meat or bread, so he went to his brother to ask him for something with which to keep Christmas. It was not the first time his brother had been forced to help him, and, as he was always stingy, he was not very glad to see him this time, but he said, "I'll give you a whole piece of bacon, two loaves of bread, and candles into the bargain, if you'll never bother me again--but mind you don't set foot in my house from this day on."

The poor brother said he wouldn't, thanked his brother for the help he had given him, and started on his way home.

He hadn't gone far before he met an old, old man with a white beard, who looked so thin and worn and hungry that it was pitiful to see him.

"In heaven's name give a poor man a morsel to eat," said the old man.

"Now, indeed, I have been begging myself," said the poor brother, "but I'm not so poor that I can't give you something on the blessed Christmas eve." And with that he handed the old man a candle, a loaf of bread, and he was just going to cut off a slice of bacon, when the old man stopped him--"That is enough to spare," said he. "And now, I'll tell you something. Not far from here is the entrance to the home of the underground folks. They have a mill there which can grind out anything they wish for except bacon; now mind you go there. When you get inside they will all want to buy your bacon, but don't sell it unless you get in return the mill which stands behind the door. When you come out I'll teach you how to handle the mill."

So the man with the bacon thanked the other for his good advice and followed the directions which the old man had given him, and soon he stood outside the door of the hillfolk's home.

When he got in, everything went just as the old man had said. All hillfolk, great and small, came swarming up to him, like ants around an anthill, and each tried to outbid the other for the bacon.

"Well!" said the man, "by rights, my old dame and I ought to have this bacon for our Christmas dinner; but, since you have all set your hearts on it, I suppose I must give it up to you. Now, if I sell it at all, I'll have for it that mill behind the door yonder."

At first the hillfolk wouldn't hear of such a bargain and higgled and haggled with the man, but he stuck to what he said, and at last they gave up the mill for the bacon.

When the man got out of the cave and into the woods again, he met the same old beggar and asked him how to handle the mill. After he had learned how to use it, he thanked the old man and went off home as fast as he could; but still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas eve before he reached his own door.

"Wherever in the world have you been?" said his old dame. "Here have I sat hour after hour, waiting and watching, without so much as two sticks to lay together for a fire under the Christmas porridge."

"Oh!" said the man, "I could not get back before, for I had to go a long way first for one thing and then for another; but now you shall see what you shall see."

So he put the mill on the table, and bade it first of all to grind lights, then a tablecloth, then meat, then ale, and so on till they had everything that was nice for Christmas fare. They had only to speak the word and the mill ground out whatever he wanted. The old dame stood by blessing her stars, and kept on asking where he had got this wonderful mill, but he wouldn't tell her.

"It's all the same where I got it. You see the mill is a good one, and the mill stream never freezes. That's enough."

So he ground meat and drink and all good things to last out

the whole of Christmas holidays, and on the third day he asked all his friends and kin to his house and gave them a great feast. Now, when his rich brother saw all that was on the table and all that was in the cupboards, he grew quite wild with anger, for he could not bear that his brother should have anything.

"Twas only on Christmas eve," he said to the rest, "he was so poorly off that he came and begged for a morsel of food, and now he gives a feast as if he were a count or a king," and he turned to his brother and said, "But where in the world did you get all this wealth?"

"From behind the door," answered the owner of the mill, for he did not care to tell his brother much about it. But later in the evening, when he had gotten a little too merry, he could keep his secret no longer, and he brought out the mill and said:

"There you see what has gotten me all this wealth," and so he made the mill grind all kinds of things.

When his brother saw it, he set his heart on having the mill, and, after some talk, it was agreed that the rich brother was to get it at hay-harvest time, when he was to pay three hundred dollars for it. Now, you may fancy the mill did not grow rusty for want of work, for while he had it the poor brother made it grind meat and drink that would last for years. When hay-harvest came, the rich brother got it, but he was in such a hurry to make it grind that he forgot to learn how to handle it.

It was evening when the rich brother got the mill home, and the next morning he told his wife to go out into the hayfield and toss hay while the mowers cut the grass, and he would stay at home and get the dinner ready. So, when dinner time drew near, he put the mill on the kitchen table and said:

"Grind herrings and broth, and grind them good and fast."

And the mill began to grind herrings and broth; first all of the dishes full, then all the tubs full, and so on till the kitchen floor was quite covered. The man twisted and twirled at the mill to get it to stop, but for all his fiddling and fumbling the mill went on grinding, and in a little while the broth rose so high that the man was nearly drowning. So he threw open the kitchen door and ran into the parlour, but it was not long before the mill had ground the parlor full too, and it was only at the risk of his life that the man could get hold of the latch of the house door

through the stream of broth. When he got the door open, he ran out and set off down the road, with the stream of herrings and broth at his heels, roaring like a waterfall over the whole farm.

Now, his old dame, who was in the field tossing hay, thought it a long time to dinner, and at last she said:

"Well! Though the master doesn't call us home, we may as well go. Maybe he finds it hard work to boil the broth, and will be glad of my help."

The men were willing enough, so they sauntered homewards. But just as they had got a little way up the hill, what should they meet but herrings and broth, all running before it for his life, and as he passed them he called out: "Eat, drink! eat drink! But take care you're not drowned in the broth."

Away he ran as fast as his legs would carry him to his brother's house, and begged him in heaven's name to take back the mill, and that at once, for, he said, "If it grinds one hour more, the whole parish will be swallowed up by herrings and broth."

So the poor brother took back the mill, and it wasn't long before it stopped grinding herrings and broth.

And now he set up a farmhouse far finer than the one in which his brother lived, and with the mill he ground so much gold that he covered it with plates of gold. And, as the farm lay by the seaside, the golden house gleamed and glistened far away over the sea. All who sailed by put ashore to see the rich man in the golden house, and to see the wonderful mill the fame of which spread far and wide, till there was nobody who hadn't heard of it.

So one day there came a skipper who wanted to see the mill, and the first thing he asked was if it could grind salt.

"Grind salt!" said the owner, "I should just think it could. It can grind anything."

When the skipper heard that, he said he must have the mill, for if he only had it, he thought, he need not take his long voyages across stormy seas for a lading of salt. He much preferred sitting at home with a pipe and a glass. Well, the man let him have it, but the skipper was in such a hurry to get away

with it that he had no time to ask how to handle the mill. He got on board his ship as fast as he could and set sail. When he had sailed a good way off, he brought the mill on deck and said, "Grind salt, and grind both good and fast."

And the mill began to grind salt so that it poured out like water, and when the skipper had got the ship full he wished to stop the mill, but whichever way he turned it, and however much he tried, it did no good; the mill kept on grinding, and heaps of salt grew higher and higher, and at last down sank the ship.

There lies the mill at the bottom of the sea, and grinds away to this very day, and that is the reason why the sea is salt-- so some folks say.

Credits

"The Girl Fish" edited from **The Orange Book of Fairy Tales,** ed. Andrew Lang. NY: Dover Publications, Inc., 1968 (rprt. 1906 ed.),reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"The Serpents" from **Black Rainbow: Legends of the Incas and Myths of Ancient Peru,** John Bierhorst, ed. NY: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc., 1976.

"A Nenets Tale" translated from **How Wilka went to Sea and Other Tales from West of the Urals.** English translation copyright (c) 1975 by Mirra Ginsburg and illustrations copyright (c) 1975 by Charles Mikolaycak. Reprinted by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc.

"The Story of Nuliajuk, Mother of the Sea, Ruler of All Beasts, The Most Dangerous and Terrible of All Spirits, To Whom Nothing Is Impossible" from **Eskimo Songs,** collected by Knud Rasnussen and selected by Edward Field. NY: Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 1973.

"The Sea Lion Hunt," "The House of the Sea Lions," "The Polar Bear," "The Lake Monster," and "The Young Man Helps" from **Stories From Alaska** by Edward W. and Marguerite P. Dolch. Champaign, Ill: Garrard Publishing Company, 1961.

"The Woman Stolen by Killer-Whales" and "The Empounded Water" from **Tales of the North American Indians** selected by Stith Thompson. Bloomington, Ind: Indiana University Press, 1973. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"A Fish Story" from **The Lilac Book of Fairy Tales,** Andrew Lange, ed. NY: Dover Publications, Inc., 1968 (rprt. 1910 ed.), reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"The Serpent's Bride" from **Black Fairy Tales** by Terry Berger. Copyright (c) 1969 by Terry Berger. Reprinted by permission of Atheneum Publishers, Inc.

"The Marriage of the Rain" from **Guillot's African Folk Tales** by Rene Guillot. Reprinted by permission of Mme. Rene Guillot.

"The Golden-Headed Fish" from **Olive Fairy Book,** Andrew Lang, ed. NY: Dover Publications, Inc., 1934, reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"The Flying Ship" from **Fairy Tales of the Orient,** Pearl S. Buck, ed. Reprinted by permission of Harold Ober Associates. Copyright (c) 1965 by Pearl S. Buck and Lyle Kenyon Engel.

"Why the Ocean Is Salty" from **The Earth Is on a Fish's Back: Tales of Beginnings,** by Natalia Betting. NY: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1965, reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"The Sea of Gold" from **The Sea of Gold and Other Tales from Japan** by Yoshiko Uchida. Copyright (c) 1965 by Yoshiko Uchida. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Story of Tremsin, the Bird Zhar, and Nastas'a, the Lovely Maid of the Sea" is reprinted by arrangement with Kraus Reprint from Robert Nisbet Bain, ed., and tr., **Cossack Fairy Tales and Folk Tales** (1894; rpt. Millwood, N.Y.: Kraus Reprint, 1975).

"The Raven and the Lobster" from **Russian Fairy Tales,** collected by Aleksandr Afanas'ev and translated by Norbert Guterman. NY: Pantheon Books, a Division of Random House, Inc., 1973.

"Salt" from **One Hundred Favorite Folktales,** Stith Thompson, ed. Bloomingtom, Ind: Indiana University Press, 1975. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"The Little Mermaid" from **It's Perfectly True and Other Stories** by Hans Christian Andersen, translated by Paul Leyssac, copyright 1938 by Paul Leyssac; renewed 1966 by Mary Rehan. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

"The Fisherman and His Wife" from **Grimm's Fairy Tales** by Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm. C.I.C. series, translated by A.A. Dent. Reprinted by permission of J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd. Publishers, London.

"Why the Sea is Salt" from **East O' The Sun and West O' The Moon.** NY: Dover Publications, Inc., reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"The Troll's Daughter" from **More Danish Tales** by Mary C. Hatch, copyright 1949 by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.; renewed 1977 by Adgun Wulff. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

Fairy Tales of the Sea
A Guide for Teachers

by Donna L. Wiseman
Department of Educational Curriculum and Instruction
Texas A&M University

TAMU-SG-81-403
February 1981

Reproduction of any part of this book, except for classroom instructional use, is prohibited without prior approval from the publishers, the Texas A&M University Sea Grant College Program. Copyright 1981.

Additional copies may be ordered from:
Sea Grant College Program
Texas A&M University
College Station, Texas 77843
TAMU-SG-81-403
$2.00

Publication of this book was partially supported through Institutional Grant NA79AA-D-00127 to Texas A&M University by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's Office of Sea Grant, Department of Commerce.

144

Table of Contents

Introduction 1
Speaking 3
- Developing Oral Presentations 3
- Developing Skills in Group Speaking 4

Listening 7
- Developing Attention Skills 7
- Developing Analysis Skills 8
- Responding Creatively 9

Reading 11
- Developing Oral Reading Skills 11
- Developing Reading Comprehension Skills 11
- Developing Effective Reading Abilities 14

Writing 17
- Relating Ideas and Information 17
- Creating Ideas for Written Productions 18
- Developing Editorial Abilities 20

Index of Fairy Tales 23

Introduction

For centuries the sea has been a source of fascination to dwellers on the land. The resources of the sea touch our lives in so many ways. It is a new frontier, a treasure chest of future food and energy sources. We have begun exploring the sea as a resource for the new future.

The accompanying collection of fairy tales represents yet another treasure from the sea. The world of the sea suggests legends, images, inspirations and poetry. These tales offer an opportunity to read character studies and develop understanding and healthy attitudes toward different people, and provide a healthy escape into the sense of beyond. Fairy tales introduce young people to brave knights of heroic courage or little maidens with inner strength while presenting the importance of the sea and clarifying the knowledge of varied cultures and heritages.

The communication potential presented in these fairy tales lends itself to a language arts curriculum. Although many teachers are expected to use a set of basic texts for the language arts curriculum, these texts should be used as a source and guide for teaching ideas and materials. ***Fairy Tales of the Sea*** *offers an opportunity for teachers to originate and adopt ideas from a different and exciting literary source.*

The outline presented in this guide follows the English Language Arts Curriculum Framework suggested by the Texas Education Agency. The activities are designed to serve as a catalyst to suggest varied classroom uses for ***Fairy Tales of the Sea.*** *There is no limit to how these suggestions may be developed and utilized in individual classrooms. Many of the activities are open-ended; they could continue forever and never be boring or repetitious. The activities were designed with upper grade students in mind, but there are some activities suitable for younger or older students who are particularly motivated toward the study of the sea.*

There are several ways to integrate the fairy tales into classroom plans.

- *The tales may be combined with science units involving other aspects of the sea.*
- *The tales may be combined with social studies units involving the countries from which the stories originated.*
- *The tales may enhance the study of literature when discussing fairy tales, folk tales and other traditional literature.*
- *The tales may be presented for the joy of listening or reading a fairy tale.*

Activities cover the language arts of listening, reading, speaking and writing.

There may be a list of suggested tales or a sample tale after the activity description. The suggested tales are those which seem particularly applicable to the activity presented, but it does not mean that each tale listed must be used or that an unlisted tale might not work equally well. A sample tale demonstrates the activity based on a specific tale. Several activities are self-explanatory and, therefore, suggested or sample tales are not listed.

Speaking

Developing Oral Presentations

Playing a Story

There is no formal, written script or parts to memorize to play a story. Students become familiar with the story by reading it silently. They then discuss the characters' feelings and what individual characters might say. This discussion leads directly to improvising roles. The story is rehearsed once and then presented to a large group. Spontaneity and improvisation are characteristic of playing a story.

Suggested tales: *The Sea Lion Hunt*
The House of the Sea Lions
The Polar Bear
The Flying Ship
The Sea of Gold
The Fisherman and His Wife
The Troll's Daughter

Reader's Theater

For a reader's theater, the story first is read silently and then orally as a combined group. Students and teacher choose parts, and the third reading is done orally as a play in front of a group. Actions, props, costumes and background may be added to the reading. Narrators may be assigned to read the non-speaking parts.

Suggested tales: *The Girl Fish*
The Sea Lion Hunt
The House of the Sea Lions
The Flying Ship
The Raven and the Lobster

Puppetry

Several of the fairy tales adapt well to puppetry. The tales may be read or told by one student while others manipulate puppets to fit the action. As an alternative, students could play the story (see page 3) with the addition of puppets.

There are many types of puppets that can be used. Paper bag puppets, stick puppets, sock puppets, or box and paper plate puppets are all easy to make.

Simple stick puppets can be effective since they can duplicate the swimming

motion of water. This type of puppet can be made of tongue depressors, picnic utensils, clothes pins or anything else one can imagine. Features, clothing and identifying characteristics can be added with yarn, buttons, fabric, etc. The puppet show might be produced and presented to a group of younger students.

Suggested tales: *The Girl Fish*
The Lake Monster
The Young Man Helps
A Fish Story
The Flying Ship
The Fisherman and His Wife

Choral Reading

Although choral reading generally is associated with poetry, there are some fairy tales in this collection which could be presented effectively by two or more speaking as one.

Students will need to read and reread the material and discuss the selection. They will need to experiment with the pace of reading together and rhythm and pitch to develop their own arrangement. Students may improvise scenes of the selection, try different voice combinations and different choral arrangements before they decide on the best arrangement.

Several arrangements might be considered:

- Sentence-a-group arrangement--one group reads the first sentence, another, the second, and a third, the next sentence, etc.
- Dialogue arrangements--one group may read the dialogue and another group the narrative to produce a desired effect. Different feelings and moods will be produced by alternating the groups in various ways.
- Unison arrangement--the entire class or group reading together, with the pitch, rhythm and intensity varied to produce an effective reading.

Suggested tales: *The Raven and the Lobster*
The Story of Nuliajuk

Developing Skills in Group Speaking

Explanations

There are various methods to allow students to discuss and explain their feelings and perceptions of the fairy tales.

- After reading the tale aloud, ask students to draw a character or discuss how a character looks. This activity can aid in understanding character development. Later discussions should center around the personality of the protagonist in the story. "What is he like? Is he brave? What in the story makes you say this? Would you like this character if you met him?" Allow students to express their feelings about the character.

Suggested tales: *The Girl Fish* (does her character change during the course of the tale?)

A Nenets Tale
The Sea Lion Hunt–The House of the Sea Lions
The Polar Bear
The Lake Monster–The Young Man Helps
The Serpent's Bride
The Golden-Headed Fish
The Flying Ship
The Sea of Gold
The Fisherman and His Wife

- Read to a point in a tale which portrays emotion. Ask the students to discuss the characters' feelings. What words let readers understand these feelings? Can you read a passage as the character might say the words? Have you ever felt the way this character felt?

Suggested tales: *The Sea Lion Hunt* (hunters laughing at Blackskin)
The Lake Monster (mother-in-law happy when the young man did not return)
The Serpent's Bride (Timba's joyful announcement of marriage)
The Golden-Headed Fish (young prince admitting defeat when he was unable to catch a golden-headed fish)
The Little Mermaid (mermaid's sadness at not being mortal)

- Tales can be discussed in small roundtable or buzz groups. Buzz discussions are sessions where students have a limited time in which to generate problem-solving ideas. A roundtable discussion includes a leader and three to eight participants who deal with a problem posed in a tale or informally share ideas from the tales. The roundtable discussion can be in front of the remainder of the class. Questions from this audience can serve as the foundation for idea sharing.

Sample questions: Which characters did you like or dislike? Which characters appeared to be mistreated? What happened in the tale that reminds you of something that might happen in our world?

- Panel discussions are sessions that require advance preparation by the students. Each panel member is prepared to discuss a specific aspect of the tale. Panel participants might concentrate on such aspects as character development, setting, emotions, lessons presented, good versus bad aspects of fairy tales, etc. Panel members present their prepared ideas, and questions from the audience should follow to contribute to clarity and understanding of ideas.

Reporting Special Topics

There are several opportunities for students to report to the class on a topic introduced in the tales. As students read the tales they may identify concepts, objects or ideas that they do not understand. These may be clarified by additional information from reference material. An individual student or a small group can

report on information acquired through research. Students should be told that good research requires *identification* of the topic, *reading* about the topic and *sharing* the information. Oral reports may be presented in a number of interesting ways. Diagrams, charts or bulletin boards can be used as illustrations. Other suggestions for presenting information include:

- Presenting information in a riddle. Sample tale: *The Serpent's Bride*.
  I am a utensil made from a tree. The Princess Timba filled me with crystal clear water. I am a (calabash).
- One paragraph report. This short report also will give students practice in summarizing. Sample tale: *The Sea of Gold*.
  A galley is the kitchen and cooking apparatus of a ship. In old sailing ships the galley was located in the front of the ship so the smoke could be released. In modern ships it is located on a lower deck.
- Imaginary news report. As students write a news story they must include the who, what, when, where, why and how of every effective reporter. Sample tale: *The Fisherman and His Wife*.
  The flounder, a unique flat fish, was reported to have been seen in the seawater of the Gulf. It is capable of changing from brown to grey, and is easy to identify since it has eyes only on the left side of its head.

Listening

Developing Attention Skills

Reading Aloud

Reading aloud implies that students must listen. Reading aloud also can introduce ***Fairy Tales of the Sea*** while motivating students to do their own further reading. To prepare for reading aloud:

- Choose a tale you enjoy.
- Practice reading the tale. Be familiar with the story line, vocabulary and characters. Be ready to change voice inflections for different characters.
- Introduce the tale. A simple statement predicting the story, offering background information or posing an interest-grabbing question can set the tone for listening. Objects represented in the story also can begin discussions and serve as a lead-in to reading.
- Provide a comfortable environment for reading aloud. Students can sit on the floor or arrange themselves where they can see the reader easily.
- Give students time to absorb the storyline and meaning after the tale is read. Students may make spontaneous reactions after a few minutes of silence.

Storytelling

A number of the tales in this collection are excellent for storytelling. You may want to model this experience, and then encourage students to tell a story. To prepare for storytelling:

- Select a tale you particularly enjoy.
- Make sure the story has a strong beginning, an active plot, definite climax and satisfactory ending.
- Usually tales involving three or four characters are appropriate for storytelling.
- Read the story several times, and make a mental outline of it. Think about the meaning rather than memorizing the words. Practice in front of a mirror, changing the pitch of your voice and gestures to represent different characters.
- Introduce the story to your audience. You can use pictures, objects (such as seashells), music or a question.
- Make sure everyone can see you as you tell the story and maintain eye contact.
- You can add pictures or objects to help tell the story, such as felt boards, flip charts, objects or chalk talks.

Suggested tales: *The Fisherman and His Wife*

Why the Ocean is Salty
The Flying Ship
The Marriage of the Rain
The Girl Fish
The Sea Lion Hunt
The House of the Sea Lions
A Fish Story
Salt

Developing Analysis Skills

Good listening skills are developed by listening for a variety of purposes. ***Fairy Tales of the Sea*** can provide listening activities for these different purposes.

Identifying the Theme

Students can be told to listen in order to give a one-sentence summarization. Some stories may have several identifiable themes. Students might present all their ideas of the theme and then discuss which best expresses the nature of the tale.

Sample tale: *The Fisherman and His Wife*
Theme: *Those who are greedy may lose everything.*

Selecting Needed Information

Students can be told to listen for specific information. Prior to reading *The Flying Ship*, for example, you can direct listening by saying, "Listen as I read this tale to find out what talents were possessed by the characters who were passengers in the flying ship."

Listening to Confirm Predictions

After listening to the title and/or the first part of the story, students may predict what will follow. The reading could stop at several points in the story where predictions seem to be warranted and students can discuss what might happen next. Students then listen to confirm their predictions. Discussions can center on why predictions were made and what information caused confirmation or rejection of the prediction. Questions which might encourage prediction are: What do you think the story is about? What do you think will happen next? What happened in the story so far that made you think this would happen?

Appreciative Listening

Select a tale to read to the students. An alternative might be to tape the story so students can listen during independent work periods. Tell the students they will be able to share their favorite part after listening. This sharing may be in the form of discussion, artwork, writing, drama, poetry, etc.

Directed Listening

Select a tale to read, and ask students to listen in order to retell a sequence of

events. This recall could be by writing, drawing, arranging pictures, etc. For *The Story of Tremsin*, for example, students could be asked to sequence the tasks that Tremsin completed. Pictures would be one way to illustrate this sequence of events.

Critical Listening

Comparison of aspects of two tales requires critical listening. Students can discuss similarities and differences after hearing two tales. These discussions can lead to identifying characteristics of fairy tales in general as students list the similarities.

Sample tales: *The Girl Fish* and *The Little Mermaid*; students can compare the heroines' situations and the outcomes of the stories.

Why the Ocean Is Salty and *Why the Sea Is Salt*; these tales can be compared to determine facets of mythical explanations of natural happenings.

The Flying Ship and *The Story of Tremsin*; these tales offer an opportunitity to discuss how different tasks are accomplished and the effect of completing the tasks.

The Raven and the Lobster, *The Little Mermaid* and *Why the Ocean is Salty*; students can discuss the settings, happenings and outcomes to become familiar with the differences among fairy tales (*The Little Mermaid*), myths explaining natural phenomena (*Why the Ocean Is Salty*) and fables which teach a lesson (*The Raven and the Lobster*).

The Nenets Tale, *The Sea Lion Hunt*, *The House of the Sea Lions* and *The Polar Bear* (all American Indian) and *The Serpent's Bride* and *The Marriage of the Rain* (African); several tales include specific references that make them unique to their country of origin. Students can be encouraged to listen for terms, behaviors, descriptions and other references that help identify the tale's origin. This activity would be particularly meaningful when integrated with social studies.

Responding Creatively

Sound Effects

After reading a story aloud discuss the possible sound effects and modes of sound that are suggested by the story. The tale then can be re-read with sound effects created with rhythm instruments, body sounds and voice variations.

Suggested tales: *The Serpents*
A Fish Story
The Marriage of the Rain
Salt

Artwork

Tape a large piece of paper to the wall and help the students plan how to express the tale they have just heard in a mural drawing. Murals can be divided into sections to present the story in chronological order. Students can work individually or in groups.

Suggested tales: *The Fisherman and His Wife*
The Serpent's Bride
The Golden-Headed Fish
The Story of Tremsin
The Little Mermaid
The Troll's Daughter

Dioramas

After listening to a tale, students can illustrate a favorite portion of the story in shoe box models called dioramas. The background can be painted on the sides of the box and figures and objects made from construction paper, clay, papier mache or other types of model-making material and arranged to tell part of the story. The text of the illustrated portion of the tale can be copied and taped to the outside of the box.

Related Activities

Other creative sea-related activities are included in ***Children's Literature--Passage to the Sea***, available from the Texas A&M University Sea Grant College Program. Many of the suggestions in that book are adaptable to enrich experiences with ***Fairy Tales Of the Sea.***

Reading

Developing Oral Reading Skills

Oral Reading

Students may wish to prepare a tale to read aloud to their own class, another class of the same age or younger students. They need to review the guidelines for reading aloud given on page 7, and might tape their readings for practice before reading to an audience. This will help evaluate their reading and allow variances in pitch and speed to polish the performance.

Reading to Answer Questions

Many oral reading opportunities are provided as students read to answer questions. The types of questions which encourage oral reading are:

- Read the part of the story that describes _____ .
- Read the part of the story that tells about _____ feelings.
- You mentioned that _____ was afraid. Can you read the part of the story that lets us know that _____ was happy ... afraid ... sad?

Choral Reading

Choral reading is another form of reading aloud and is particularly effective in involving all ability levels in one common activity. The practice and presentation of choral readings includes repetitions of the tale so all readers become familiar with the storyline and vocabulary. The procedures and suggested tales for introducing choral reading are listed under Developing Oral Presentations, page 4.

Reader's Theater

A reader's theater provides a number of oral reading opportunities. A description of this activity is given in Developing Oral Presentations, page 3.

Developing Reading Comprehension Skills

Distinguishing Real and Make-Believe

Since all fairy tales are make believe, the readers should pay close attention to those factors that allow them to predict that they are reading fiction. There are several things that can be considered clues.

- What in the title is a clue that you are reading fiction?

- The language used will confirm predictions that the tales are fiction. Some of the language cues that could be discussed are degree of formality of language; degree of figurative use of language; how the language refers to people, places or events; the mood the language conveys; and how the language indicates whether the characters are real or fictitious.
- Comparing factual material with the sea-going topics of the tales also will separate the language cues. The language and description used in *The Woman Stolen by Killer Whales*, for example, can be compared with the language and description of whales in an encyclopedia or other reference book.

Cause and Effect

Students can be encouraged to consider cause and effect by first reading a tale, selecting an outcome and then listing all the events which contributed to that outcome.

Sample tale: *The Raven and the Lobster*
Outcome: The raven dropped the lobster.
Cause: He agreed to a compliment about himself. He said "Ah-h-h."

Drawing Conclusions by Predicting

After reading the first section of the tale, students are asked, "What do you think will happen in the next part of the tale?" "Are there conclusions other than the one you have suggested?" "Why did you choose the ending you did?" "Do you think you will like the end of the tale?" "Will it have a surprise ending?" After the conclusion has been read, ask, "Did you like any of our conclusions better than the actual ending?"

Understanding Figurative and Literal Language

Fairy tales provide opportunities to explore the meaning of familiar words in new contexts. There are many words used in these tales that are examples of figurative language.

Sample tales: *The Empounded Water* ("I'm as dry as a fish." "I'm as dry as a frog.")
A Fish Story ("...a merry crackling was heard.")
The Serpent's Bride ("Its water lay clear and placid as a mirror..." "...for the pool was like the clearest crystal, right down to its sandy bottom.")
The Sea of Gold ("...it was as though we were sailing on a sea of golden sand.")
The Little Mermaid ("...water is as blue as the bluest cornflower and clear as the clearest crystal." "...their fruits glimmering like gold and flowers like a blazing fire" "...the sun, looking like a crimson flower from which streamed a flood of light.")

- Students can be encouraged to interpret the figurative expressions literally. This may be done creatively through artwork or dramatics.

- Students can be directed to think of other ways to say the same things in a more literal way.
- Figurative language can be categorized according to what it is used to describe. Parts of the body, animals, food, clothing, plants, the solar system and marine life are topics that are described figuratively in the tales.
- You might copy portions of stories which contain figurative language and leave blanks wherever the pictorial language is used. Students then would be encouraged to substitute their own words in the blanks and compare their suggestions with the original text. Discussions could focus on why and how figurative language adds to the overall effect of the tale. Further discussion might lead to even more varied ways to express the same ideas.

Example: "But most wonderful of all, she said, was to lie in the moonlight on a sandbank in the calm sea gazing at the huge town close to the shore, where the lights twinkled like _____." (From *The Little Mermaid*: original words, hundreds of stars.)

Request

One questioning technique is particularly effective in helping students read with more comprehension. Request* is an instructional activity in which students and teacher silently read the beginning section of the text together. After reading, the teacher closes the book and answers the students' questions as fully as possible. The teacher then asks questions that can add to the students' understanding of what was just read. This type of questioning is continued after reading short sections of the tale until the point when students can provide a reasonable response to the question, "What do you think will happen at the end of the tale? Why?" At this point, the students read to the end of the tale to see if the prediction is right.

Suggested tales: All tales in the collection would adapt to this activity.

Reading-Thinking Activity

Inquiry reading is one method to encourage comprehension. The first step is to identify a purpose for reading the tale. The teacher guides students to predict what might happen by asking such questions as, "What do you think the story is about?" Predictions are based on title and picture clues, first page clues and one or more subsequent pages. Predictions also can be made just before the story climax. Some students may need to retell what they have read before predicting what will happen. By listening to the student predictions, teachers will be able to determine if the students understood the storyline.

The second step involves reading to confirm or reject the predictions. Students must process the ideas to do this by thinking about their original predictions and what they are reading. Some students may need to read the story one paragraph at a time if they have limited experience in predicting or processing information.

*Manzo, A.V. "The Request Procedure." *Journal of Reading*, Vol. 13, No. 2, November 1969, pp. 123-126, 163.

Other students, however, may be able to process information on two, three or more pages.

The third step involves helping students confirm, or test their predictions. Confirmation requires evidence. The teacher asks students to prove their predictions by reading and sharing material from the tales.

Sample tale: Guided reading-thinking lesson for *The Little Mermaid*

Story theme: Love and courage may not always bring what you desire.

Story plot & summary: A mermaid rescues and falls in love with a mortal prince. To gain a human form, the mermaid sacrificed her ability to speak, and agreed that if the prince does not marry her she will become a cloud of sea foam the morning after he weds another. She leaves the sea and becomes the prince's companion. At his parents' insistence he marries a beautiful princess from another country. The mermaid is told she must kill the prince in order to save herself, but she cannot do this and is doomed to become a cloud of sea foam. Because of her suffering and courage, however, she becomes a spirit of the air instead of foam on the sea.

Sample questions:

Title and picture: Do you think this is a true story? Does the title give you any clues about where the tale takes place or what it is about?

First page: What has happened? Do you have any idea from this part of the story about what may happen next? Are there any words you did not know? What did you do when you came to those words?

Second and third pages: Were any of you correct in what you thought? What do you think the rest of the story will be about?

Fourth page: Were any of you right? What do you now think will happen? Do you want to change your mind about what will happen?

Remaining pages: What messages does this story tell you? Were there any words you couldn't figure out? What information on the page let you understand the story without knowing the words? What might have happened if the mermaid had killed the prince?

Developing Effective Reading Abilities

Character Development

Discussion questions can help students understand character roles. These questions can include: What qualities does this character have?; what does the character do to let you know what kind of person he/she is?; what unique

qualities does the character have (ones people do not have)?; what qualities does this character have that are similar to you?; which of the character's qualities do you like or dislike?

Students also can bring characters to life through television-style interviews. For *The Fisherman and His Wife*, for example, the fisherman could be interviewed for a talk show and explain his and his wife's ordeal.

Another way to understand the character roles is to place the characters in familiar situations. The situations should be credible and consistent with the portrayal of the character in the story. For example, what would happen to Simpleton in *The Flying Ship* if he were sent to Russia to accomplish some tasks for the President of the United States?

Emotional Reactions

Fairy tale characters display many emotions. The overall effect of the tale can be enhanced by exploring some of these feelings.

- Students can use different voice inflections to recreate emotional dialogue. Examples from *The Girl-Fish* include the dialogue between the fish and the girl when she first caught him, or that between the prince and his mother when he tells her he loves the deer. Other examples include the concluding narrative when the young man is saying goodby to his Arab friend (*The Golden-Headed Fish*) and any of the dialogue where Tremsin is despairing because of the tasks he must accomplish (*The Story of Tremsin*).
- Moods produced by words and language can be identified. Words can suggest colors and moods. It is dark like an underwater cave or blue and cool like the transparent sea. A passage from *The Little Mermaid* has the following description:

  > "Outside the palace there was a large garden with trees of fiery red and deep blue, their fruits glimmering like gold and flowers like a blazing fire, ceaselessly moving their stems and leaves. The ground itself was of the finest sand, but blue as sulfur flame. Down there a strange blue mist enveloped everything; you would have thought you were standing high in the air, with only the sky above and beneath you and not down in the depths of the ocean."

  What kind of mood is suggested by this passage? Are there single words that describe the mood or color of this passage?

Story Elements

To talk about literature, students need to understand plot, setting, theme and style.

- The plot is the problem of the story, the obstacle that characters must overcome. Students can construct a chart or map of the plot. They will begin with the main ideas and add subplots to indicate how important events are produced as they meet and diverge.

Sample tale: *The Woman Stolen by Killer Whales*
Main plot: A fisherman's wife is captured and rescued from whales.

Subplots: A man and his wife catch and kill a heavy fish. Killer whales take revenge on the man for killing their friend. The fish chief volunteers to help return the wife, and fights the killer whales so the man and his wife can disappear.

- The theme is the author's purpose in writing the tale. Many fairy tales have themes of good overcoming bad or of searching for a lover or acceptance. After students have read two or three of the tales silently and completed other activities, they can work in teams of two or three to list as many themes or lessons that they have interpreted in their reading. The group should decide which theme is most representative of the fairy tales. All the groups can discuss various themes and then decide on a single theme.

Sample tale: *The Serpent's Bride*

Theme: Trust in someone you love can help you through difficult and fearful times.

Style refers to the specific use of words and sentences in a story. Reading aloud is a good way to evaluate style. Does the language sound like the character would sound? After reading several tales and discussing the style of fables or fairy tales, students can imitate this style in an original creation. Using a tale as a model, they must include a theme, plot and setting. It would be best for them to model the less complex tales. They may choose to work in pairs or small groups.

Suggested tales: *The Raven and the Lobster*
The Fisherman and His Wife
The Empounded Water

Writing

Relating Ideas and Information

Language Experience

It is easier for students to write when they use their own language. Stories may be written by individuals or groups. The first step of the activity is to provide motivation; this may be just reading a fairy tale. Following a discussion, older students will write their own stories and younger ones will dictate their ideas to the teacher.

- Students can retell the tale to the teacher or to a tape recorder. The retelling then would be written by the teacher using the student's exact words. This will produce material which can be read at a later date. The retellings could be bound and illustrate to form a personalized collection of fairy tales for the classroom. This activity can be done by individuals, small groups or the class a a whole.
- Students may not like the ending of certain tales, and they may want to write their own. Older students would do their own writing while younger ones would dictate their endings to the teacher. These optional endings then would be available for other class members to read.

Suggested tales: *The Polar Bear*
The Lake Monster-The Young Man Helps
The Woman Stolen by Killer Whales
The Fisherman and His Wife
The Little Mermaid

Written Conversations

Ask students to write a conversation that might take place if one of the fairy tale characters came to their house. This conversation might be reenacted on a tape recorder so that others could hear it.

Suggested tales: *The Sea Lion Hunt (Blackskin)*
The House of the Sea Lions
The Polar Bear (Puzuuk)
The Flying Ship (Simpleton)
The Sea of Gold (Hikoichi)

Written Interview

Students can write an imaginary interview with one of the characters. This can include discussion of the obstacles that the character has had to overcome.

Suggested tales: *A Nenets Tale*
The Lake Monster-The Young Man Helps
The Woman Stolen by Killer Whales
The Golden-Headed Fish
The Flying Ship
The Sea of Gold
The Story of Tremsin
The Raven and the Lobster
The Troll's Daughter

Creating Ideas for Written Productions

Changing the Speaker

Students can rewrite portions of the tales in first, second or third person to present a different perspective. *The Raven and the Lobster*, for example, could be rewritten from the viewpoint of either the raven or the lobster.

Poetry

Using the tales' content, students can write poetry. This requires students to describe fairy tale events in a new way. After they have read and discussed a tale, students can be encouraged to produce several types of verse.

- **Free verse** is unrhymed and unrestricted in length or rhythmic patterns. It is one of the simplest verse forms. The poet may use whatever form best expresses the intended feelings.

Sample tale: *The Serpent's Bride*
A princess and a Serpent were wedded.
It was not a comforting arrangement.
But the princess had trust.
And kept loving her bridegroom.
Until love transformed her serpent into a king.

- **Haiku** is an unrhymed, three line, 17-syllable poetic composition of Japanese origin. The first line contains five syllables, the second seven and the third five.

Sample tale: *The Little Mermaid*
Mermaids flit softly,
traveling blue water trails
quiet disappearance.

- A **senryu** is a three-line form resembling a haiku without the syllable requirements. Senryu might be used before introducing haiku and is particularly good to use with younger students.

Sample tale: *The Fisherman and His Wife*
The fisherman's wife wished and wished
And was never happy
She was returned to her beginning.

- **Tanka** is extended haiku. In addition to the first line with five syllables, the

second with seven and the third with five, the tanka has fourth and fifth lines with seven syllables each.

Sample tale: *A Fish Story*

Fish living on the earth
Hunting tribe, walking and talking
Warming under the sun.
Tumbling down into the sea
Finding comfort in their lives.

- **Cinquins** are five line poems which resemble haikus and tankas. They follow a specific syllabic pattern of 2-4-6-8-2. A simpler version with a set number of words for each line might be preferable for younger students. (First and fifth lines, one word; second line, two words; third line, three words; fourth line, four words.)

Sample tale: *Why the Ocean Is Salty*

Ocean
Blackness, darkness
Bamboo bridge from the caves.
Whiter than the mountain snowfalls
Salty.

- The **diamante** is a seven-line contrast poetry form arranged in the following manner: One word--subject-noun; two words--adjectives; three words--participle (ing, ed); four words--nouns related to subject; three words--participle (ing, ed); two words--adjectives; one word--noun (opposite of subject).

Sample tale: *The Little Mermaid*

Mermaids
Lovely, quiet
Swimming, singing, dreaming
Fairies of the sea
Walking, talking, living
Lively, active
Mortals

- Rhymed verse forms also are suitable to convey messages and tales of the sea. After reading and discussing a tale, make a list of rhyming words. Couplets or triplets are the natural products of this activity.

  A two-lined **couplet** is the simplest rhymed verse form. An example for *The Raven and the Lobster* would be:

  The raven wasn't very smart,
  For with his lobster he did part.

  Triplets are three-lined, rhymed verses. The rhyme may be carried in two or three of the lines. This verse form should be introduced through group composition. An example for *The Sea of Gold* would be:

  Hikoichi fed the fish his rice,
  Those who watched called him a fool.
  When he was rewarded, the others did drool.

Quatrain is a four-line verse form with numerous possibilities for rhyming schemes--first and second, third and fourth (aa, bb). Other rhyming schemes are abab, abba, abca. An example for *The Story of Tremsin* is:

There was an impossible feat,
which Tremsin was to complete.
Overwhelmed, he became tearful
But was told, "That's not a task, but a trifle.

- Longer rhymed forms may be produced by combining couplets, triplets and quatrains in various ways. It is suggested that the entire class compose a poem about one of the tales. Individuals or groups can contribute lines. After all contributions have been made, the teacher can work with a small group to arrange the poety lines.

Use of Fantasy

Read a fairy tale that explains a particular feature or event in the sea world. Discuss the idea of using fantasy to explain particular features of our world. Have students choose a feature of the sea which interests them, and encourage them to write an explanation of this feature using fantasy. The students should share their stories; a booklet could be produced. Groups of four or five students might work on the fantasies.

Suggested tales: *A Fish Story*
Why the Ocean Is Salty
Why the Sea Is Salt
The Empounded Water

Newspaper Articles

Students can assume the role of reporters and write news accounts of fairy tale happenings. They need to include the who, what, when, where, why and how of good reporting.

Telegraph Stories

After reading and discussing a fairy tale, have the students write a telegram-type summary of the essential facts. This will require using as few words as possible.

Developing Editorial Abilities

Editing Retellings

Students dictate a rewritten fairy tale into a tape recorder. They then are to listen to see if the meaning is clear, the story well-organized or if the words can be changed. While listening, students take notes about those things that should be changes. These changes are then made.

Checking Paragraphs

Each student lists the main ideas presented in paragraphs of rewritten fairy tales. After identifying these, the student underlines the sentence which contains each main idea of the rewritten tale.

Editors in Charge

Give specific students editing responsibilities for a two to five-day period. You might have a spelling editor, a meaning editor, a punctuation editor, etc. These students are responsible for editing all group writing. Once several students are trained to do specific editorial tasks, they can train "assistants."

Word Choice

Often students can improve their writing by using words which are more descriptive, vivid or colorful. Sometimes they need to be encouraged to develop dynamic word usage in their writing.

- After rewriting an account in a fairy tale, have students underline words (usually nouns, verbs and adjectives) that are used repeatedly. Once a list is made, show students how to locate words in the thesaurus. They then should rewrite their work using new words. This activity can be done in pairs to provide support for each individual's editing and reference skill development.
- Working in groups, students receive copies of portions of tales with some words underlined. They then supply other words which can be used in place of the underlined words.
- Some words suggest images and associations. Students can write words and phrases that are suggested by those in the fairy tales.

Sample tale: *The Story of Tremsin*
Swooped, smart and glossy, burnished silver, thrice-lovely, grievous woe, prowess.

Index of Fairy Tales

The Girl-Fish, 3, 4, 8, 9, 15
The Serpents, 9
A Nenets Tale, 5, 9, 18
The Story of Nuliajuk...., 4
The Sea Lion Hunt, 3, 5, 8, 9, 17,
The House of the Sea Lions, 3, 5, 8, 9, 17
The Polar Bear, 3, 5, 9, 17
The Lake Monster, 4, 5, 17, 18
The Young Man Helps, 4, 5, 17, 18
The Woman Stolen by Killer Whales, 12, 15, 17, 18
The Empounded Water, 12, 16, 20
A Fish Story, 4, 8, 9, 12, 19, 20
The Serpent's Bride, 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 16, 18
The Marriage of the Rain, 8, 9
The Golden-Headed Fish, 5, 10, 15, 18
The Flying Ship, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 15, 17, 18
Why the Ocean Is Salty, 8, 9, 19, 20
The Sea of Gold, 3, 5, 6, 12, 17, 18, 19
The Story of Tremsin...., 9, 10, 15, 18, 20, 21
The Raven and the Lobster, 3, 4, 9, 12, 16, 18, 19
Salt, 8, 9
The Fisherman and His Wife, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 15, 16, 17, 18
The Little Mermaid, 5, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19
The Troll's Daughter, 3, 10, 18
Why the Sea Is Salt, 9, 20

187